

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 426, Vol. 16.

December 26, 1863.

Price 6d.
Stamped 7d.

FRANCE.

THE French Senate had the pleasure of finding, in the Speech of M. DUPIN on Poland, one of those happy and skilful addresses which guide an assembly by exactly expressing what it wishes to have said. M. DUPIN tore the Polish cause quietly and definitely to pieces. He ridiculed the enthusiasm which had prompted so many Frenchmen to cry out for a war in behalf of Poland, without considering what was the Poland for which the war was to be waged, or how the war could possibly be conducted with advantage. He managed, without saying anything unfair to Poland, and without renouncing a general sympathy with a nation in misfortune, to recall to his hearers the different ways in which the Poles had been found a practical nuisance at Paris, and to insinuate that much of the sympathy for Poland was a mere fashion of high society. It was thought good style to be Polish at Paris, and Poland supplied a sort of shibboleth, like the right width of crinoline, or the right height of a bonnet, by which the cream of society might be recognised. His speech was received with the warmest approbation by his hearers, and he was encouraged to say some things which must have sounded strangely to the timid ears of French Senators. He ventured to assert that the EMPEROR knew that, however great his power might be, he must not abuse it; and that it would have been an abuse of power to launch France on an unequal contest, from which she could derive no perceptible or immediate benefit. Nor did he shrink from replying to the argument that the masses in France wished for a Polish war. If this were the case—which he was, of course, too prudent to admit—then he could only say the masses ought to be taught a little more sense. Both positions are full of wisdom, but they are slightly inconsistent with the institution of a military despotism founded on universal suffrage. M. DUPIN was, however, far too cautious and practised a speaker to let it be supposed that he was opposing the Government, and he fortified his position by pointing out that the cry for a Polish war came from the parties in France most opposed to the Empire. The Catholic world, the world of good society and fashionable enthusiasm, was equally reckless with the partisans of a Red Republic in pressing on a war which, while it was supposed to favour their own pet projects, would be sure to embarrass the EMPEROR and cripple his power. It was therefore the duty of all good friends of the Empire to resist this pressure strongly, and it was satisfactory to think that in doing this, they were at once discharging an obvious duty, supporting the existing Government, and keeping France out of mischief.

The desire of the Senate for peace was unmistakable, and the wishes of the Lower Chamber have been expressed with equal plainness. The Mexican expedition has sobered France, as English prophets ventured to foretell would be the case. Although M. DUPIN took care to tell his hearers that the French soldiers were "heroic" at Puebla because they fought in a definite cause and for French interests, yet, when he declared that France had already once tried the experiment of going forward alone in an enterprise from which her allies shrank, and had had enough of it, he carried the whole of his audience with him. And the language used in the *Corps Législatif* is still stronger and more decisive. The Committee appointed to report on the project for a new loan have had no choice but to accept what was proposed to them; but they give the Government such a rebuke and warning as have not been given in France for many years. The Committee declare that, in sanctioning a loan, they have no wish to enable the Government to spend money as it pleases and for any purposes it may fancy. "Let us," say these converted Frenchmen, "be able to resist the allurements of glory, and enjoy what we have acquired." The Committee even go so far as to insist that the Government shall not incur extraordinary expenses.

It is war, on a great or a little scale, that makes these extraordinary expenses necessary, and France does not want war, but peace. If they have peace, the Deputies argue, they can have more public works, and railways and new Boulevards are pleasanter and safer than cannon and iron ships. All this is wonderfully sensible and wonderfully true, but it sounds curious in England that any one should think it a great discovery. It is exactly what we have been saying since men who are now old were little boys. War is an uncommonly bad investment, and glory is an article of which England and France, at least, have quite enough in stock. It is because we have held this opinion that the French have been pleased to stigmatize us as a nation of shopkeepers. It was our peculiar defect that we had no conception of the grandeur of going to war for an idea. We had taught ourselves, by much painful reasoning and by much sad practical experience, that when such a scheme as that of conquering Mexico was proposed to us we had better first consider what we should do with Mexico when we had conquered it, and who was to pay the bill which the process of conquering would force us to incur. This, in the eyes of the French official speakers and writers two years ago, was a most low and sordid way of looking at a great project. We have now the pleasure of seeing both the French Chambers brought round to our opinion; and the Lower Chamber is so moved by what has happened, by the futility of the conquest and the greatness of its cost, that it insists there shall be no more of the extraordinary credits by aid of which such schemes as the Mexican expedition are set on foot without France being consulted. The French Chamber is all for more public works and less glory, and we may expect that not to make war for an idea will soon be declared to be "eminently French."

The EMPEROR has had the sense to take these expressions of opinion in good part. France is for peace, and, as he leads France, he must lead the wish for peace. And just as the Deputies are now prepared to show that to have public works instead of glory is the great want of the people, and especially of France, so the EMPEROR is prepared to show that this love of peace is peculiarly Napoleonic. The great BONAPARTE himself was all for peace; that is, after he had done harassing Europe for nearly twenty years with a succession of gigantic wars, and was put for ever out of harm's way in a lonely island, he uttered, or was feigned by his mythologists to utter, some splendidly pacific sentiments. He thought that all wars between the States of Europe were civil wars. This is poor comfort to us who have been witnessing for three years the biggest and bloodiest civil war ever known, and find it to be the characteristic of a civil war that it is waged with greater recklessness and frenzy than any other. But it may be supposed that NAPOLEON, if he ever uttered this saying at all, meant that war was very shocking between States so bound together as the States of the great Christian world, and that it would be monstrous, for example, if two of the biggest of them were to rush into war in a quarrel which owed its origin to so absurd and trifling a cause as the disputed right to have the keys of a holy place in Palestine. Formerly, as the present EMPEROR admits, this grand thought was a Utopia, but the time may soon come when it will be a reality. If everybody works to attain this noble end, who knows but it may be achieved? Let us, he said in his reply to the Senate, "think of obstacles only to conquer them, and of incredulity 'only to confound it.'" The French apparently like the sort of language now which used to delight Englishmen a century ago, when it came from the pen of Dr. JOHNSON. But the difference is, that in France their JOHNSON can make these grand sentences mean something directly he pleases, while our JOHNSON was always limited to rhetoric. The EMPEROR can confound incredulity whenever he likes by simply reducing his army. But if he reduced his army he could no longer keep Europe

3
199

in a state of constant excitement, and appear for ever as its alternate scourge and saviour. To be forgotten is probably the one thing that he could not and would not bear, and the best way of being remembered is to be giving perpetual trouble. That other nations should disarm while France keeps so large an army on foot, and is constantly asserting her claim to govern the whole Continent from Paris, is something more than a "Utopia;" it is a simple impossibility. But, although we have very little confidence that any abhorrence of a war which philosophically and theoretically might be called a civil war would keep the EMPEROR from carrying out any project for which a war with a neighbouring European Power was necessary, it is evident that he will be bound over to peace if France continues to be as sincere and earnest for peace as she is at present. The popular voice has spoken in a way not to be mistaken, and the EMPEROR at last finds himself in face of an irresistible though friendly opposition. It is not likely that the movement will stop where it is now. There is no sign of the revival of Parliamentary Government after the English pattern in France; but there are abundant indications that the French nation is beginning to take heart again, that it is learning once more to form and express opinions, and that a control, which may be indirect but which will naturally tend to increase in strength, will be kept over the acts and policy of the Government.

DENMARK AND GERMANY.

THERE are only two possible solutions of the Schleswig-Holstein question, and the simpler of the two is the more favourable to Denmark. By strictly complying with the obligations contracted in 1851 and 1852, CHRISTIAN IX. can ensure the good offices of the non-German Powers, and he can place Austria, Prussia, and other States of the Confederacy in the wrong if they attempt to dispute his title. In return for large and almost unaccountable concessions, the Danish Government pledged itself to respect the franchises of the German inhabitants of Schleswig, and to abstain from uniting the Duchy to the Kingdom of Denmark. The securities demanded by the German Powers were vague and unsatisfactory, nor can it be denied that a treaty which gives a foreign Government a right of interfering in internal arrangements is essentially inconvenient. Austria and Prussia, however, having long since regretted the bargain which they made, are certain to exercise their right of insisting on the strict performance of every covenant. Denmark has systematically disregarded the minor conditions of the treaty by enforcing the use of an alien tongue and of novel usages on the Germans of Schleswig. The petty vexations of Danish sermons and catechisms have been naturally ridiculed as frivolous excuses for diplomatic interference or for the menace of war, and it is probable that both Austria and Prussia habitually impose more serious grievances on certain sections of their subjects; but if a treaty provided for the erection of a gas-lamp in a particular street, diplomacy or military power might be justly employed to enforce a petty municipal regulation. Denmark received, in the arbitrary change of the succession, and in the separation of Schleswig from Holstein, tenfold compensation for the petty sacrifices which might be caused by the use of German grammars in the schools of Schleswig. If the obligations of the treaty are oppressive, Germany would gladly return to the antecedent state of affairs. The late KING, at the moment of his death, was about to assent to the Constitution which the Assembly of Copenhagen had passed for Schleswig as well as for the Kingdom. His successor found that his popularity depended on the adoption of the same dangerous policy, and consequently he commenced his reign by a deliberate and formal violation of the engagement which forms the sole foundation of his title. The common Constitution purports to unite two portions of the Monarchy which, according to that engagement, are to remain perpetually separate; and the English Government acts a friendly part in urging the King of DENMARK to retrace his steps before Austria and Prussia are tempted to declare that the treaty has been avoided. The Danish Minister proposes an absurd evasion of the difficulty when he suggests that the extension of the Constitution to Holstein should, instead of being pre-emptorily carried out, be rendered contingent on a Royal decree. If the long-standing quarrel is not determined by the provisions of the treaty, a war which will almost certainly detach the German provinces from Denmark is the only alternative.

Except, perhaps, from Sweden, Denmark has little hope of

foreign aid in a war with Germany. The French have for once arrived at the sound conclusion that, although there is a quarrel in Europe, it is not their duty or their interest to strike in. England, with the best wishes to Denmark, is also on friendly terms with the German Powers; and if they have a technical justification for commencing war, it will be impossible to interfere with their discretion, or to control the results of the contest. On the last occasion, the Duchies were recovered, when they had already been conquered, in consequence of the dissensions between the two German Powers, and especially through the characteristic pusillanimity of the late King of PRUSSIA. Prince SCHWARTZENBERG, who at the time ruled Austria, was more devoted to the cause of despotism than to the interests of Germany. Having determined to end the revolutionary struggles which had commenced in 1848, the Austrian Minister required Prussia to withdraw from the occupation of Holstein. The Emperor NICHOLAS supported the demand with a threat of throwing the power of Russia into the scale; and FREDERICK WILLIAM IV., who had pleased his imagination by calling out the reserves of his army, followed his natural bent by tamely complying with the imperious summons of his more resolute neighbour. His subsequent assent to the Treaty of 1852 received a curious elucidation from the recent statement of M. GEORGE VON BUNSEN in the House of Deputies. It was perfectly consistent with the KING's character that he should entertain stronger scruples in disturbing the succession of an hereditary Prince than in disregarding the rights and liberties of an independent community. Baron BUNSEN, then Prussian Minister in London, endeavoured to serve the German cause in Holstein and Schleswig by urging on the KING's attention the undisputed claims of the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG to one, if not to both, of the Duchies. Baron MANTEUFFEL, however, and his colleagues were equal to the occasion, and they employed the ready pen of a Berlin jurist to draw up a pedigree, in which the rightful heir appeared to be disqualified as the offspring of a marriage of disparagement. The existence of a similar flaw in the descent of the rival claimant was studiously concealed, and the KING was reconciled by the quibble to an irregular arrangement which was represented as a security for the peace of Germany and of Europe. The anecdote is said to have produced a strong impression on the Prussian Assembly, though it appears to have involved a breach of official confidence. The same speaker asserted that the Western Powers offered to release Prussia from the engagements of 1852 if she would join in the war with Russia; but as Denmark would certainly not have concurred in the proposal, it is difficult to understand what arrangement could have been substituted for the existing treaty.

There appears to be little danger of an immediate collision between the Danish troops and the Federal army of execution. The report that the Danes had resolved to hold certain outlying positions on the Holstein side of the Eyder is probably unfounded. It would not be worth while, after evacuating the rest of the Duchy, to force on a conflict by disputing the possession of any corner of the territory. On the other side, it is not to be supposed that Austria and Prussia will allow either petty States or private adventurers to take into their own control the issues of peace and war; nor will the bands which are collecting at Hamburg and Altona find occupation for their energies when Holstein is occupied by a regular force. The army itself is evidently intended for the most peaceable purposes, inasmuch as it is placed under the nominal command of the harmless old Marshal WRANGEL. No Government would have selected so inoffensive a general if there had been the smallest expectation of actual hostilities. The Austrians, with unusual complaisance, have placed their own contingent under the command of the Prussian General-in-Chief. When the KING's nephew, Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, was proposed for the command, Austria acquiesced in the choice; and when it was afterwards thought safer to employ an older officer who might be trusted not to fight, the substitution of Marshal WRANGEL was accepted with equal readiness.

The interest of established Governments in maintaining the peace is so great and so constant that, even when apparently insoluble quarrels arise, there is always a strong probability that a rupture will be avoided. The old belief that war was a game of kings only rendered possible by the folly of their subjects, has seldom been confirmed by modern experience. Governments are the first to feel financial embarrassment, and their own security is for the most part compromised by the risk of great national reverses. Warlike agitation now generally commences from below, and Kings and Ministers employ themselves in abating or adjourning the demands of the

people. The Emperor of AUSTRIA, the King of PRUSSIA, and the great body of the German Princes, probably feel but a qualified sympathy with the enthusiasm of the nation for the cause of Schleswig-Holstein. Their demonstrations of vigour are explained by the necessity of deferring to the unanimous feeling of Germany; and every act of defiance on the part of Denmark, every foreign expression of contumely or menace, will render the general outburst of patriotism more difficult to restrain. The friends of peace, instead of taunting the German Courts with indifference to their obligations, ought rather to play into the hands of Governments which are for the time more peaceably disposed than their subjects. The good faith of the two Great Powers has been proved by their successful effort to adopt legal process in Holstein for the express purpose of escaping the necessity of hostile operations. If they are properly supported by their allies, and if the Danes can be taught to understand their own interest, it will probably be found practicable to tide over the crisis; and ultimately to devise some available compromise. Yet it must not be forgotten that a small additional provocation may at any moment transfer the guidance of the quarrel to the uncompromising party which is headed by the Duke of SAXE-COBURG. Austria and Prussia wish for peace, but they would rather go to war with Denmark than disgust and alienate Germany.

THE LABOURS OF THE RECESS.

THERE are several points in respect to which the politician of the present day is more happily situated than the politician of a century ago. One of his great advantages is that he has not nearly so much dirty work to do. He is not obliged to bribe his supporters in Parliament; and, unless he happens to sit for a very evenly balanced borough, he need not even bribe his constituents. A good deal of the degrading work of canvassing still survives; but no one is obliged, like CHARLES FOX upon a memorable occasion, to take his lady friends about to be kissed by influential tradesmen. Projectiles, again, form a less prominent feature in the proceedings of an election than they used to do in former times. Dead cats have been abandoned altogether, in deference to the growing refinement of the age, and also to the duty of economising a valuable article of food. Eggs, too, if employed at all, are generally employed in a state of passable immaturity; and the dimensions of the old-fashioned brickbat have been materially reduced. In the last West Riding election, the whole return of killed and wounded only included one policeman, and he had only lost one eye. Mr. LOWE is the last candidate on record who can be said to have sealed his political opinions with his blood, so far as the phrase is applicable to a broken head. But then his power of ingratiating himself with those from whom he differs is quite exceptional. More recent experience would seem to indicate that the tables are turned, and that the candidate is beginning to avenge the wrongs of his predecessors. In the late election for Tamworth, SIR ROBERT PEEL showed how effectively an intractable opponent might be practically refuted by the help of a convenient beer-barrel. The interval between the Westminster election in which the Duchess of DEVONSHIRE was brought out to be kissed by an adverse voter, and the Tamworth election in which SIR ROBERT PEEL was brought out to knock one down, measures exactly the difference that separates the modes of dealing with a refractory elector in that age and in this. The advantage of the change is clearly not on the side of the elector.

But there is one serious drawback to these advantages which almost outweighs them all. The politicians of old days were not expected to stump. Extra-Parliamentary utterances are an invention of modern times. The older view of a Member of Parliament's functions was limited to the assembly which he was sent to join. His constituents troubled themselves principally about his votes—that is to say, if he sat for a constituency which took any interest in political matters beyond that which could be expressed in the coin of the realm. If he chose to indulge in utterances of any kind within the walls of Parliament, it was entirely by his own choice, and for the purpose of pushing his own way in the world. A totally different conception of the character now prevails. For some time an idea appears to have gained ground among the constituencies, that it is part of the duties of every Member of Parliament to take care that his name shall appear, at least occasionally, in the debates. The physical impracticability of this pretension must have been obvious to any one who would take the trouble to divide the number of hours at the disposal of the House of Commons by the number of

Members it contains. In course of time, this practical difficulty made itself felt, and a compromise was accepted. Instead of speaking in the House of Commons, where the audience is impatient and fastidious, most constituencies are now content that the oratory which they expect from their member shall be executed, for their own edification and diversion, during the recess. This arrangement, which undoubtedly tends to save the time of Parliament, is probably the origin of the modern system of autumn stumping. From this beginning the custom has developed, until the position of an average Member of Parliament in the recess is more arduous than his position during the Session. While the House is sitting, he is comparatively a free agent. Only on rare occasions is his attendance in any sense compulsory; and when he does attend, there is not the least necessity that he should speak. Silence is a virtue which is not only tolerated, but encouraged. But the House is no longer the main sphere of his exertions. The repose of the Session is, in truth, only a preparation for the severer labours of the recess. His chief function has ceased to be the representation of his constituents in the Legislature. He serves a far humbler office—an office not destitute of analogy to that which was occupied by fools and jesters in the Courts of mediæval princes in old time. The jester was kept to amuse his master in moments of relaxation. The Member of Parliament is kept to fulfil the same duty towards his county or borough. The method of amusement has, it is true, changed with the lapse of time. In those days, the hours of idleness were beguiled by broad jokes and impudent repartees. In the present more refined age, the same purpose is served by a grandiloquent speech, or a humorous lecture, or a jocosse after-dinner narrative of the proceedings of Parliament. But the office of the two functionaries is essentially the same. They are kept to say something which, be it grave or gay, sensational or funny, shall assist the persons who keep them to digest a heavy dinner or while away an unemployed evening. The modern wearers of the cap and bells make to themselves no illusions as to the real nature of their duties. In their attendance upon Parliament they are lax enough. They profess a profound indifference to party politics, and congratulate the country upon the emptiness and inutility of each succeeding Session; but they make a point of entering upon the autumn stump with undeviating punctuality. They know that this is the service to which they are really bound, and that it is only by neglecting this that their seats will be seriously imperilled. Their speeches on these occasions indicate the same consciousness of their true position. Their efforts to amuse under unfavourable circumstances have generated a special kind of wit, known as Member's wit, unique of its class, but, as might be expected, belonging to the lowest possible type. Of every Member of Parliament, whatever his intellectual calibre may be, this kind of display is expected; and, the average senatorial power being taken into consideration, it is not surprising that some striking specimens of Parliamentary ability are the result.

Members of Parliament go through so many vexations for the sake of the insupportable pleasure of writing two letters after their names, that one misery more or less is not of much importance. It would be a serious evil if this obligation of exhibiting during the recess tended to lessen the number of candidates for the privilege of gratuitously performing it. But in England, the charm of standing one round higher on the social ladder than your neighbours is so irresistible that, if a Member of Parliament were obliged to dance upon his head for the amusement of his constituents, it is probable that men of fortune and independence would be found to do it, and to assure the spectators that the time devoted to the feat was the proudest moment of their lives. Nor can it be said that the practice does any injury to the ordinary race of Members of Parliament. Their style of oratory is quite safe from deterioration. Unfortunately, however, the imperious usage extends to all, and consequently includes even the most eminent men who have taken a share in the administration of the Empire. Upon them the habit of platform eloquence has a decidedly detrimental effect. As the House of Commons is about the best, so a platform is by far the worst, school of oratory. It has been well said that sermons would be free from most of the defects that are laid to their charge if the clergy were only liable to a reply. It requires superhuman zeal and virtue to supply the salutary check which would be imposed by the fear of criticism. The platform has all the vices of the pulpit, joined to a license in point of facts and principles which is special to itself. Few public men are sufficiently masters of themselves to resist the temptation which is held out by the impossibility of a reply,

and by the peculiar impressibility of their audience. The knowledge that a practised debater is preparing to pick to pieces a speaker's reasoning, and to scrutinise his facts, the moment he has sat down, enforces a caution in the selection and treatment of topics which self-imposed scruples will not entirely replace. The consequence is, that orators who are fond of stalling it in the provinces are generally distinguished for committing themselves. A speaker before a provincial audience is generally in this dilemma, that he must be either incautious or tiresome. Something exciting is necessary to retain the attention of some hundreds or thousands of half-educated hearers. Even Lord PALMERSTON does not threaten the Emperor of the FRENCH so broadly in the House of Commons as when he speaks to a crowd of gaping bumpkins; and the difference between Mr. BRIGHT in Parliament and Mr. BRIGHT in the presence of a mob is notorious, and has been very lately illustrated. It is a pity that a formal division of labour cannot be introduced. If Ministers and ex-Ministers never spoke in the recess, and the rest of the members never spoke in the Session, all the evils of both periods would be avoided. The statesmen would never commit themselves; and the proceedings of the House of Commons would be much livelier than they are. But even that rule would fail to meet the case of Mr. BRIGHT and his coadjutors, who are perhaps greater sinners in this respect than all the rest of the members put together.

THE LITTLE WARS OF GREAT COUNTRIES.

THERE is a certain kind of truth in the Imperial apophthegm that war in Europe is civil war. NAPOLEON, who is said to have propounded the maxim, always thought that the States which resisted his encroachments were rebels rather than enemies. The greatness of his power reminded him that it was incomplete, while the world at large more justly deemed it exorbitant. His successor, living in an age of more natural relations, and having himself learned wisdom from history and experience, attaches a different meaning to the phrase when he quotes it as an argument for peace. There is no doubt that Europe, including its offshoot in Northern America, stands toward the rest of the world in the position which was claimed by the Greek Republics, and which was more completely attained by Imperial Rome. In dealings with barbarians, or even with half-civilized nations, a kind of spontaneous alliance unites the policy of Governments which are perhaps opposing each other at home. Although operations concerted with France are seldom satisfactory to English feeling, common interests will probably often reproduce joint action, both in diplomacy and in distant wars. European States, and especially the Western Powers, so far sympathize with one another that they understand the natural tendency of different stages of civilization to produce collisions, and in some instances to furnish occasion for conquest. Having always one or two little wars of her own on hand, England no longer feels indignant at the disposition of France to provide herself with similar proofs of the cosmopolitan character of her Empire. It might, indeed, be plausibly argued, that, while one country regards even remote hostilities as an unavoidable evil, a more ambitious and military rival goes out of the way to discover unnecessary quarrels. Nevertheless, on the whole, Englishmen regard French enterprises with good will, or with impartiality; and perhaps they may sometimes appreciate the value of cheap subjects for political demonstrations in anatomy. If glory is wanted, it may be much more harmlessly earned in Asia or America than on the historical battle-fields of the Low Countries or on the banks of the Rhine. If, after all, the French waste their resources in unnecessary expeditions, English consciousness of superior wisdom and virtue will promote the complacent sentiment of friendly toleration.

England and France together have generally as many wars to conduct as an average Roman Emperor. The hill tribes of the Punjab are as troublesome as the Dacians, and the New Zealand chiefs may represent Boadicea. JUAREZ flies before the French leaders like TIRIDATES or PHRAATES, and Cochin China is the Parthia or Arabia which contains the latest extension of European dominion. The conflict of warlike tribes with established Governments is a necessary result of colonization and settlement. In New Zealand and in India, the conflicts which originally sprung from an aggressive policy are now only conducted for purposes of self-defence. A great change has passed over public opinion since the days in which the acquisition of territory was regarded as a proportional increase of strength. It is now universally admitted that the English dominions are large enough, and little opposition would be offered to the surrender, at a fit season, of some un-

profitable possessions. The conversion of the whole community to the doctrines of free-trade has removed one of the principal motives for the unlimited enlargement of the Empire. As it is no longer necessary to buy and sell exclusively within the premises, it becomes comparatively useless to own every market, or to conquer the largest possible number of customers. If the troubles which have arisen in China and Japan had occurred a century earlier, both countries would probably by this time have been dismembered or reduced to subjection; but at present, peaceful intercourse is the only recognised object of the desultory hostilities which from time to time arise out of commercial relations. Experience will show whether it is possible to preserve order in the remote East without direct interference with the machinery of government. Fortunately, the interests of civilized nations in Eastern Asia are substantially the same, and thus far not only France, but Russia and the United States, have substantially agreed in their local policy. It is not a cause for regret that the rivalry of different nations is likely to place obstacles in the way of any attempt to gratify a separate ambition. The days in which English and French statesmen and soldiers contended for supremacy in India have long since passed away. Both nations are agreed on the expediency of protecting their trade in China, and of abstaining from territorial acquisitions; and the Japanese, by the impartial assassination of Englishmen and of Frenchmen, are labouring to produce similar unanimity in European transactions with themselves.

The proceedings of the French in Cochin China are but little known, and it is only certain that their neighbours in Europe have no interest in obstructing their efforts. As it is the custom of English Governments to protect their traders against foreign outrages, France has always taken a legitimate pride in avenging wrongs offered to missionaries. The Annamites, or people of Cochin China, seem to have entertained to the Catholic priests who visited their country a prejudice which expressed itself in the shape of torture and massacre. The French Government might perhaps have disclaimed the responsibility of securing pious adventurers against the consequences of their voluntary acts; but the punishment of the persecuting heathens of Annam was a fair excuse for a crusade. Incidentally, an opportunity was offered of creating a little French India, which might be supposed to promise commercial profit, as well as to propagate the national influence. It is not certain how far the French power in Cochin China extends, nor is it known whether the revenue of the settlement is likely to cover its expenses; but the conquest is probably as just as conquests in general, and the French themselves are the best judges of its convenience and expediency. If they consulted the experience of their neighbours, they would perhaps discover that a new outlet for expenditure and an additional possession to defend can rarely add to national wealth or strength. As they have probably built churches and sent out priests to their new territory, they may fairly claim to have extended the area of Christendom. Whenever any of the native inhabitants embrace the invading religion, the original missionary object will have been still more satisfactorily attained. On the whole, it may be fairly conjectured that France is somewhat behind England in soundness of political judgment. Half Europe, as well as America, copied the English precedent of protection after it had been finally abandoned by its former supporters. French politicians still occasionally fancy that England possesses some offensive privileges at sea, and they know that her colonial possessions extend over every portion of the world. Cochin China is a plagiarism from an obsolete original.

Although the English Government necessarily withdrew from the Mexican expedition as soon as its ulterior purpose was disclosed, neither opposition nor remonstrance has been offered during the progress of the French conquest. The enterprise seemed to be gratuitous and impolitic, but it was difficult to say that it was unjust. Any foreign conqueror who could create order out of anarchy would be a benefactor to Mexico, although he might be a voluntary intruder. It now appears that the Archduke MAXIMILIAN hesitates to accept the Imperial Crown of Mexico, and the mere establishment of DOBLADO, or some other native adventurer, as President of a Republic, would be justly regarded as an acknowledgment of failure. The loyal and acquiescent Assemblies hint their doubts of the expediency of the conquest by professing a conventional belief in the approaching repayment of the expenses of the war by the Mexican people. If the Emperor NAPOLEON withdraws his troops without achieving any permanent result, his personal disappointment will perhaps serve as a national lesson. His professed purpose of restoring the preponderance

of the
the tra
from v
indeed
should
the tas
especi
lation.
charge
China
would
when t
as easi
especi
nces o
civiliz
equals

TH
still a
Althou
Hooke
mount
cause.
Chatta
the de
statem
their
gress.
GRANT
part of
collect
as the
hostile
Gener
less a
be al
winter
ment,
of Ch
the ha
of the
re-est
party
PRESI
meeting
public
LINCOL
dissat
tion
major
was
impos
mend
attem
time
meas
any d
more
titled
word
the r
stinal

TH
almo
succe
The
more
altho
Char
stead
Wes
of th
retr
tages
take
popu
are l
achi
pon
tinu

of the Latin race, and of opening new markets for the trade of France, indicated the existence of the delusions from which England has but recently awakened. It would indeed be a benefit to France and to the world that order should be restored in Mexico, but the means of accomplishing the task were insufficient, and the French Government was not especially called upon to redress the grievances of a remote population. The occupation of Rome, though it imposes a certain charge on the revenue, is not a warlike operation. If Cochinchina were settled, and if Mexico were abandoned, the French would apparently have little occasion for distant wars, except when troubles arose in China or Japan. England cannot escape as easily from the task of defending the colonies, and more especially it will always be necessary to watch the warlike races of India. It is desirable that, in contests of this kind, civilized nations should habitually incline to the side of their equals rather than to aliens and barbarians.

AMERICA.

THERE seems to be no doubt that LONGSTREET has effected his retreat from Knoxville, though there is still some uncertainty as to his subsequent movements. Although the Confederates inflicted heavy loss on General HOOKER at Ringgold, the campaign to the West of the mountains has, on the whole, been disastrous to their cause. The Northern papers state that the defeat at Chattanooga was caused by the willing surrender, if not the desertion, of a part of the Confederate troops; and the statement is partially supported by the indignant rebuke of their misconduct in Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS's Message to Congress. Whatever may have been the cause of General GRANT's success, he is now in full possession of the greater part of Tennessee. The reports that a Confederate force is collecting in the West of the State deserve little credence, as the victorious army must be strong enough to crush any hostile attempt in the territory which it occupies. Unless General LEE should desire to inflict one more blow on the luckless army of the Potomac, military operations will probably be almost suspended during the remaining months of the winter. It would seem, from the reports of the War Department, that no sanguine hopes are entertained of the capture of Charleston, although General GILMORE still makes use of the harbour as a kind of American Shoeburyness. The people of the North have, however, entirely ceased to doubt the ultimate re-establishment of the Union, and the most active political party is by no means in a hurry to terminate the war. The PRESIDENT finds himself almost without an Opposition on the meeting of Congress, and it must be confessed that the Republicans, in some respects, deserve their triumph. As Mr. LINCOLN candidly admits, the elections of last year indicated dissatisfaction with the Government, and the general irritation was in many places represented by a Democratic majority; but as the only ground of serious objection was the policy of the war, it soon appeared that it was impossible to attack the Administration without recommending the adoption of pacific measures. The Democrats attempted to share the popularity which always attaches, in time of war, to the most prominent advocates of vigorous measures; and as it was impossible to persuade the people that any dominant faction would have raised more men or spent more money, the PRESIDENT and his advisers were fairly entitled to the credit of having expressed, in act as well as in word, the universal feeling. The War Democrats are lost in the ranks of the Republicans, and the more consistent or obstinate members of the party are for the present powerless.

The experience of the last twelve months has made the war almost popular, through the coincidence of considerable military successes with extraordinary material prosperity at home. The Americans are not singular among nations in dwelling more willingly, in recollection, on victories than defeats; and although the North has lost two great pitched battles at Chancellorsville and at Chickamauga, the enemy has been steadily pushed back by superior numbers along all the Western frontier. Both Presidents agree in the importance of the capture of Vicksburg and of Port Hudson, and the retreat of BRAGG involved the sacrifice of all the advantages which he gained when he forced ROSENCRANZ to take refuge within the works of Chattanooga. The whole population of the North believes that the gains of the past year are but an earnest of the conquests which yet remain to be achieved; and, if all things remain the same, enormous preponderance of numbers and resources will probably continue to produce proportionate results. Mr. CHASE assures

the PRESIDENT and the Congress that the finances are in a prosperous state, and Mr. STANTON is almost equally cheerful in his report on the condition of the army. Nevertheless it is possible that money may become rapidly scarcer, and it appears that the difficulty of recruiting has already been severely felt.

The SECRETARY of the TREASURY has, since the beginning of the war, borrowed 240,000,000*l.*, in addition to the large supply of money which has been provided by the issue of greenback notes. His loans have been greatly facilitated by his currency operations, inasmuch as the holders of Treasury notes have had the option of exchanging them at par for a six-per-cent. stock, to be paid off in twenty years; and prudent holders, foreseeing the future depreciation of the Government paper, have had every motive for preferring a permanent investment. But a small part of the funded debt has been incurred, in the ordinary manner, by large contracts with capitalists. Mr. CHASE, though he professes to hate England even more bitterly than his colleagues, has always received in this country the credit which he deserves for his energy and versatile ability. There is no reason to suppose that any rival financier could have raised larger sums, or procured money on easier terms. His opinion that the currency has now reached a limit which ought not to be exceeded, will be received with deference, but the consequences of a suspension in the issue of paper money will perhaps surprise his countrymen. If direct borrowing were easy, Mr. CHASE would not have waited for loans until he had exhausted the power of providing for the public wants by coining obligations. In the ensuing year, he will have to apply to the money-market for more than 100,000,000*l.*, which he can scarcely hope to obtain at a lower rate than seven per cent. If the charge of the existing debt is taken at six per cent., the annual interest must already absorb nearly the whole revenue which is derived from internal taxation. The Customs, which produce about 14,000,000*l.*, will be available for the payment of interest on additional loans, leaving a moderate surplus for the ordinary expenses of Government. The war will be exclusively conducted with borrowed money, and there must be some limit to the capital which will be disposable for the purpose. The PRESIDENT dwells with reason on the vast resources of the community, and especially on the rapid immigration which fills up the void occasioned by the casualties of the war. It is certain that the Northern States enjoy an opulence which is as elastic as it is great, but it by no means follows that the Government will be able to raise the means by which alone a war of conquest can be continued. European economists have been impressed by the great financial resources which have been disclosed, but they for the most part overlook the important advantages which have been procured by the issue of paper money. As Mr. CHASE now relies on ordinary loans, he will be subject to the laws of the money-market.

Mr. STANTON says that the proclamation for the compulsory levy of 300,000 men produced 50,000 conscripts and 2,000,000*l.* of money paid for exemption. As at least one-third of the drafted men must be deducted from the force which actually joins the ranks of the army, the total addition to the forces may be taken at 35,000 men, which may perhaps balance the loss of the two months' campaign in Tennessee. Although the SECRETARY of WAR professes to find some consolation in the considerable amount which was paid to purchase substitutes, a gain of 2,000,000*l.* to a Government which is spending annually eight or nine times as much must be comparatively unimportant. In the course of the ensuing year, 300,000 men will be entitled to their discharge, and unless an equal number of soldiers can by some means be provided, the invasion of the remaining portions of the South may, after all, prove to be impracticable.

The PRESIDENT's scheme for reconstructing the Union in conquered districts may perhaps be as practicable as any alternative which could be suggested. It was never disputed that a conquered country might be held by armed force, and governed through a conforming minority; but all foreign observers foretold that the re-establishment of the former Union and Constitution was incompatible with the hostile feelings which caused the war, and which can scarcely have abated during its continuance. Mr. LINCOLN has apparently arrived at the same conclusion, but, with a not unstatesmanlike instinct, he clings to the name of a Republic, even when he is compelled to dispense with its essence. In every Southern State which is to be restored to the Union, instead of an entire population voting without condition or restraint, stringent oaths of adhesion, not only to the Union,

but to the policy and legislation of the hostile North, are to be imposed as conditions precedent to the exercise of the suffrage. The voters are to swear to obey the Acts of Congress until they are repealed or declared unconstitutional, and the proclamations of the President until they also are annulled by the judgment of the Supreme Court. There is something melancholy and almost humorous in the further provision that a State Government may be re-established as soon as one-tenth of the citizens complies with the arbitrary conditions of the Union. The United States, according to the President, guarantee, under the Constitution, republican Government to each member of the Federation; and a Government is republican, though it consists of a small minority, if only it maintains the principles which those who determine its destinies think fit to accept as Republican.

MR. CODDEN AND THE TIMES.

WE have got to the end of this controversy now, we are told, and probably both Mr. CODDEN and the Editor of the *Times* are glad to close a correspondence into which neither of them ought ever to have entered. Impartial judges will acquit Mr. CODDEN of any intentional advocacy of the violent spoliation of landed property; but they will as certainly come to the conclusion that he has used or adopted language on the subject to which no definite meaning was attached by the speaker, and which was principally calculated to tell on the audience to which it was addressed because it might easily be misinterpreted. He has found it entirely impossible to get out of the expressions acknowledged to have been used a consistent, harmless, and intelligible meaning. At first, he appeared to think that he and his friend must have meant that a simplification of the forms of conveyancing would be the natural and appropriate result of an indiscriminate extension of the franchise. Subsequently it occurred to him that a change in the testamentary law would have come nearer to his intentions. All that he knew was, that he had not any clear, definite plan for wholesale robbery; but beyond this all was darkness. The darkness was, however, relieved by the great opening afforded him for abusing the *Times*. The quarrel itself will soon be forgotten, but it will be impossible not to remember this striking instance of the method in which Mr. CODDEN and Mr. BRIGHT approach great political questions. The audience addressed on this occasion was one keenly alive to such wrongs as the rich can be said to inflict on the poor. It was one excited by the struggles of a life above absolute want, and far below real education. It was composed of thousands of working men ready to catch at any hope of finding a new prosperity through some great and unexpected change. Before a speaker aspiring to the name of a statesman, or even to that of an honest friend of their class, held out to them the prospect of attaining to wealth or independence by a sweeping political change, he ought at the very least to have done two things. He ought to have formed a clear and definite conception, in his own mind, of the exact change he aimed at; and he ought to have had reasonable grounds for thinking that the change proposed would have the desired effect. It is quite evident that Mr. CODDEN had fulfilled neither of these conditions. He did not know what it was that he wanted. If he had, in intelligible language, explained to his hearers at Rochdale that the great political revolution which he was inviting them to demand was to end in an abridgment of the formalities with which land is conveyed, he would have felt the absurdity of the suggestion even before the faces of his hearers could have revealed it to him. And even if the extension of the suffrage were, in some way as incomprehensible to Mr. CODDEN as to the rest of the world, to lead to a general creation of small holdings in the agricultural districts of England, he ought to have furnished some grounds for supposing that the possessors of these holdings would be likely to be more prosperous, more free from debt, and less burdened with anxiety, than the daily labourer is already. The questions which any proposal to break up landed property in England immediately forces upon persons accustomed and qualified to discuss such a subject, are very intricate; and Mr. CODDEN has very justly suffered in public opinion for stimulating an ignorant and passionate audience of poor men to believe that he had some satisfactory solution of questions so difficult, when his letters make it evident that he was merely talking at haphazard.

Although, however, this correspondence has done Mr. CODDEN little good, and has shown how small and violent men with reputations to maintain can be when they are exposed to criticism which they think unjust, Mr. CODDEN has managed so

to conduct it as to bring into prominence the magnitude of the mistake committed by the Editor of the *Times* in allowing himself to appear personally in it. Mr. CODDEN was determined to have the last word, and he had it. In the postscript of his last letter, he broadly insinuated that the line taken by the *Times* on the question of the paper duty was dictated by the family interests of the Editor. Such an imputation cannot be easily repelled, for the world would not forget it even if it were denied; and, however undesired it may be, it seems to be the natural penalty incurred by an Editor who appears as an independent and private individual in the columns of his own journal. Such a step is totally inconsistent with the whole theory of anonymous journalism. That theory is, that the public is able to get the best and most impartial criticism, and is able best to estimate the value of this criticism, when what is written and printed comes without the admixture of any personal considerations to give it weight or to impair its effect. The public finds this criticism submitted to it, and has nothing to do with the question how it came there. If the criticism is good, it is to be accepted, and, if bad, rejected. Of course, as the criticism has proceeded from the pens of men who may be deceived by motives of self-interest, or led away by prepossessions, and as it has received the sanction of an editor who is equally fallible, it may be really due, not to an independent judgment on public interests, but to the sway of personal interests or feelings. And we may be quite sure that this will be suspected ten times as often as it happens. But experience is held, in England at least, to show that the best protection the public can have, both against the existence and the effects of these personal leanings, is that the comments of the journal should bear no name, and should be taken for what they themselves are worth. In no other way could the general tone and spirit of a journal be made to act as so powerful a check on the license which individual contributors might be inclined to demand, and in no other way could a man really disinterested, but open to the imputation of personal interests, do justice to himself. The Editor of the *Times* was, of course, perfectly disinterested, when that journal, under his guidance, opposed the remission of the paper duty; but the impression of disinterestedness which was produced was certainly aided by no one having the right to know or assert that the pecuniary interests of the Editor's family were bound up in any way with the continuance of the then existing impost. If this is the theory and the justification of anonymous journalism, it is an abandonment of the theory, and a sacrifice of the advantages it secures, that an Editor should suddenly cease to be anonymous in his own paper and enter into personal discussions. If any one who does not like the criticism of the *Times*, and dislikes an independent and impersonal commentary on his speeches, can make the dispute personal and connect it with the pursuit of private ends, by merely declaring that if this indulgence is not allowed him he will say who the Editor of the *Times* is, there is no use in the *Times* preserving the anonymous system at all.

Mr. CODDEN would, perhaps, have thought it cowardly if the Editor of the *Times* had remained concealed, and had not mixed up his private existence with the discussion of public affairs. The papers which Mr. CODDEN takes in would, perhaps, not have hesitated to print even stronger language than that to which Mr. CODDEN, in the first burst of his passion, gave vent. There is also nothing to prevent Mr. CODDEN from imitating, if he pleases, the example of those choice spirits who supply London news to the American papers. He is at liberty to publish the names of the persons whom he knows or guesses to be the editors, the contributors, and the correspondents of the *Times*. He may glean or invent facts illustrating their private life, and he may describe, if they have ever had the pleasure of dining in the same company with him, the kind of wine they prefer, and the dishes to which they are partial. It is by revelations of this sort that the inquiring American strives to allay the curiosity of his countrymen, and to strip off the irritating veil of anonymous journalism. Mr. CODDEN might do all this, and yet the wisest way would be, we think, to take no notice of him. There are certain minor annoyances to which every man may be subject who adheres to a course of conduct proved to be, on the whole, beneficial to the country at large. It is highly desirable to have no more duels, but it is very annoying that a little man who is publicly horsewhipped by a big man should have no quicker and more animated mode of getting redress than that of bringing his triumphant enemy before a Police Court. In the same way it may be hard for a sensitive man to be told that he is a coward and a libellous scoundrel, and that his name in full and all his wickedness shall be revealed in the *Morning Star*. But an editor must learn to bear this because it is for the

public good, practically that a thing. The discussion on the paper duty or to new screening has not risks be determining nor the simply of there was an anonymous attacked suspected openly. If public language was by private obscurity and go part from. If, on editor of the *Morning Star* world of the next time exposure popular coming prophesies

THE *Times* has been States. effect was But, at haustiv they comments moral f sitions most t ness; it is susta times when which MOURA its eve evident whole difficul The have honour concea paign painter warra gracef rout a tary u portion aband appear holds. whole session render larly necess Th feder merel Even discre LYON it.

public good that anonymous journalism should go on. And, practically, it is proved that society, when it has found out that a thing is desirable, can generally manage to carry it out. The disuse of duelling might have led to intolerable arrogance on the part of bullies no longer in fear of fitting punishment, or to nervous men shrinking painfully from the imputation of screening their fear under a politic dislike of duelling. This has not happened, because society, seeing that, if either of these risks became common, duelling could not fall into disuse, determined that neither the bully should bully with impunity, nor the nervous have cause to feel ashamed. The bully was simply cut in society, and the nervous man encouraged, and there was an end of the whole difficulty. In the same way, anonymous journalism exposes the criticized to be wrongly attacked from personal motives, and the critics to be wrongly suspected of saying secretly what they would not dare to say openly. Society in a great measure remedies both these evils. If public men are treated unjustly by a newspaper, if the language used about them is scurrilous, if the opinions advocated are manifestly those of a small clique, or are determined by private considerations, society condemns the journal to obscurity. It sinks out of circulation in the educated and governing classes, and derives a precarious support from those to whom such language is palatable. If, on the other hand, the anonymous journalist or editor is wrongfully denounced, even in the columns of the *Morning Star*, no great notice is taken of it, and the world of newspaper readers is content to take its own measure of the honesty and ability of the articles it studies. The next time the Editor of the *Times* is threatened with an exposure of his real name and address by an infuriated popular orator, we hope that he will resolutely abide the coming of this mighty stroke of fate, and we will venture to prophesy he will survive it.

PRESIDENT DAVIS'S MESSAGE.

THE inordinate length to which, by a time-honoured tradition, the Messages of American Presidents run, has been even exaggerated by the President of the Confederate States. This excessive prolixity may possibly diminish the effect which so able a State Paper would naturally exercise. But, at all events, it gives to foreigners a complete and exhaustive view of the present position of the Confederacy which they could not otherwise obtain. Like all the other documents issued by President DAVIS, its good taste and high moral feeling distinguish it broadly from the political compositions which we are accustomed to receive from America. The most thorny and irritating questions are discussed with calmness; and a severe simplicity, rare in Transatlantic literature, is sustained even in those solemn appeals which will sometimes tempt a European writer into bombast. It is only when he is led to speak of the wanton and wilful cruelty which is being practised upon his countrymen by the MOURAVIEFFS of the West that his style loses, for the time, its even balance. A more important merit is the internal evidence of truthfulness which the document contains. Its whole tone is that of a man who knows that, to master difficulties, he must first look them fairly in the face. The narrative which is given of the reverses that have lately befallen the Confederate arms contrasts honourably with the lying braggadocio that used to conceal a Federal defeat. The disasters of the last campaign are nothing extenuated; if anything, they are painted in darker colours than previous accounts seemed to warrant. No enemy could speak more strongly of the disgraceful conduct of the troops to whose faintheartedness the rout at Chattanooga was owing. The President's commentary upon the campaign in Tennessee serves to explain some portions of it that have hitherto seemed inexplicable. The abandonment, for instance, of Chattanooga and Knoxville appeared to be a gratuitous surrender of important strongholds. It is now explained that the tenability of the whole of that line of defences depended upon the possession of Cumberland Gap. This post having been surrendered by an officer who was either treacherous or singularly timid, the relinquishment of the others followed of necessity.

The most important result of the Message is that the Confederates themselves have in no degree lost heart. It is not merely that words of hopefulness and resolution are employed. Even if the President were on the point of surrendering at discretion, according to the mythical revelations imputed to Lord Lyons, he would not select such an occasion for announcing it. But the document contains evidences of unflinch-

ing determination more valuable, because more involuntary. There is an elaborate minuteness in the manner in which various details of organization are discussed which is entirely inconsistent with the theory that the Government are meditating surrender. The care with which the exact legality of every proposed step is argued is not the tone of a man who thinks that the position of affairs is desperate, or even highly critical. The entire absence of excitement from the whole address, the full recognition of the fearful horrors of the war, the calm exposure of the difficulties under which the Confederacy is labouring, would not have marked the composition of a man who was nerving himself for one last and despairing effort. Some passages of the Message are of special value as bearing upon the future progress of the struggle. The chief importance of the Federal conquests in Tennessee has arisen from the supposition that in the mountains of which the Northerners have got the command lay the mineral resources which are indispensable for the conduct of a war. To this point the Government have turned their attention, and they have taken care so to distribute their sources of supply that no chance disaster at any single point shall leave them in difficulty. Again, the disturbance of the currency in the Confederate States was thought to indicate that their resources were exhausted. But it is fully explained by the fact that, out of an extreme respect for the letter of their constitution, they have not hitherto resorted to direct taxation as a general measure. The Constitution provides that the taxes shall not be imposed till the Census has been taken; and as the Census obviously cannot be taken in those States which the Federals have overrun, the financial legislation of the Confederate Congress has hitherto been paralysed. Whether taxation can be imposed with success to the extent that is required by the condition of the currency remains to be seen. The pressure which the war is exercising upon the strength of the population is shown by the recommendation to leave to negroes the lower kinds of non-combatant work which are required in an army. But it also shows the absolute reliance which the population of the South place upon the fidelity of the negroes. If the irrepressible African were really pining for freedom, as his professed friends in England would have us believe, it would be madness in the Confederates to crowd their camps with negroes. Every negro, so employed, would act as an unpaid and secure spy, and, as soon as he obtained any information of importance, would run off under cover of night to the enemy's lines. As a matter of fact, the information obtained by the Federals appears to have come generally from white, not from black, deserters. It is fortunate for the Confederates that the evil passions and tyrannous prejudices of the Northerners have more than counteracted the policy of the Emancipation Proclamation. If the Federals had been animated by any real sympathy for the slave, if his sufferings had been anything more to them than a convenient cloak under which to conceal designs of the most cold-blooded ambition, the Confederates might have felt difficulty in dealing with a vast population of negroes in their midst. But the negroes know too well, by the experience of their brethren, the meaning of Northern professions of compassion. The North offers them freedom—but it is the freedom to starve. The result of the cruelty and neglect with which escaped slaves have been treated in the North has been not only to relieve the Southerners from all apprehension of a servile insurrection, but to furnish them with a safe substitute for white labour in many of the subordinate operations of war.

The questions that have arisen between the Confederate Government and our own are discussed by President DAVIS at great length. Some of them are not new to us, for they have been investigated as anxiously upon this side of the Atlantic as upon the other. The general opinion has been here, that no case of injustice to the Confederates has arisen yet that is sufficiently well-marked to justify the interference of Parliament with the conduct of the Government. From the known character of Lord RUSSELL, it may be safely assumed that ample justice, and something more, has always been done to the claims of the stronger side; and there is, upon the same ground, every probability that he has leaned against the weaker combatants as heavily as the most strained construction of law would permit. But, on the other hand, the English public has always trusted to the more generous instincts of Lord PALMERSTON to correct the aberrations of his colleague; and it has recognized that, in cases of such intricacy, a wide discretion must always be allowed to the Executive. With respect to the blockade, which is the chief point of Mr. DAVIS's complaint, the difficulty has always been that, though technically imperfect on

many occasions, it has constantly been increasing in efficiency; so that it has never been safe at any moment to assume that, by the time a change of policy had taken effect, the justification of that changed policy would not have disappeared. It must also be remembered that the present war is the first case that has arisen under the novel provisions of the protocol of Paris; and that it can hardly be expected that we should be anxious to give to this new law an interpretation needlessly hostile to our own traditional policy. Still, with all these reservations, it is not surprising that the Confederates should feel bitterly upon the subject. The other complaint of Mr. DAVIS—that which relates to the seizure of the suspected ships—has less reason in it. No country can be blamed by foreigners for putting into operation its own municipal laws to any extent that it thinks fit, and the proceedings of the English Government have not as yet assumed any other character. If the Government were to carry its action so far as to attempt to attain, by protracted litigation, results which they had no direct legal right to enforce, the Confederates might have some ground for complaint. They would be still more justly aggrieved if, as the PRESIDENT evidently anticipates, Parliament were to pass a new law which could be justly represented as specially levelled against the Confederates. But Lord PALMERSTON has distinctly intimated that he will propose no such change; and it is not probable that the House of Commons which refused to pass the Conspiracy Bill will adopt any measure which could be reasonably imputed to the dictation of a foreign Power whose language has been far more insolent than that of Imperial France, and whose grievances are much less plausible.

THE FITZGERALD CASE.

TO married folks who find out their matrimonial mistake, and think that the Divorce Court, as now administered, will help them, the fate of Mrs. FITZGERALD will be a useful hint. Mr. and Mrs. FITZGERALD came together as a good many other couples have come together. The gentleman brought blood, a soldier's fame, and an Irish temper—the very qualities which are supposed to prevail in an heiress's bower. But there are heiresses who, like Miss BETTESWORTH, cannot forget that their money gives them a certain standing which they are not disposed to sacrifice at the altar of HYMEN. In novels, one reads sometimes of well-dowered maidens whose only gratification in their wealth is that they can cast it all at the feet of their liege lord. In real life, the power of the purse is not so readily relinquished. To have tasted blood settles a tiger's character for life, and to be mistress of an income often affects unbearably the female temper. In one of Æsop's Fables, the young lady who was developed out of a cat by the kind offices of VENUS could not forget her feline nature even on her wedding day, and Mrs. FITZGERALD was the first to complain of the expenses of Paris, when the honeymoon had scarcely passed a single week. We should hardly be justified in saying that Major FITZGERALD was a mere Irish fortune-hunter; but it is possible that he may have been almost as much smitten by his wife's yellow money-bags as by what, of course in good-humoured chaff, he is said to have called her "yellow mask." It appears that his taste in female charms was somewhat exceptional. He owned to a *penchant* for freckles, and, under the influence of this curious taste, it is not perhaps surprising that he had odd modes of expressing connubial fondness. Mrs. FITZGERALD, however, possessed but little appreciation of her husband's tremendous powers of chaff. What the Celtic temperament only meant for a good joke the cool and phlegmatic Teutonic mind of Mrs. FITZGERALD construed with an ugly literality. Some men are great proficient in this curious art of expressing their love in paradoxical language. In their softer moments they will call their wives little pigs; and in France a somewhat cognate epithet, for which there is no polite English equivalent, is a recognised idiom in the amatory vocabulary. But on Mrs. FITZGERALD flowers of speech were thrown away. Albeit not herself altogether unversed in the use of the stronger elements of the English language, nor altogether sparing of adjectives, she could not enter into the richness of the metaphorical and figurative powers of the Anglo-Irish tongue. This was one cause of the domestic dissensions which troubled the house of FITZGERALD.

But a more substantial grievance remained. Mrs. FITZGERALD was of a saving, not to say parsimonious, turn of mind. An Irish Major who owns to 1,700*l.* of debt before his marriage is likely enough to have taken the view that money is meant to be spent, and that the chief value of a metallic currency is to keep it in circulation. Like many other

well-dowered matrons, Mrs. FITZGERALD very early gained the impression that her husband had married her for her money, and this did not improve a temper which certainly wanted improving. Her parents seem to have stood in a wholesome awe of her powers of mind, of gesticulation, and of strong language. Even her father could not but remember certain instances of her flourishing her hands, not to say shaking her fists, at him. "She has a temper like other women," he says—"irritable, but not more than other people." From this we infer that Mr. BETTESWORTH's experience of womankind has not been fortunate. It is drawn probably from his own family, in which these characteristics of the feminine mind were, it would appear, largely developed. "NARCISSA's nature, tolerably mild," had, however, in this case a knack of getting into very ugly passions; and the successive deaths of Mrs. FITZGERALD's children seem to have been caused by this natural irritability which her father does not consider exceptional. In a word, Mrs. FITZGERALD appears to have found out that she had made a mistake, and, as must be the case with all married ladies under such circumstances, she found it out too late. She had heard of Sir CRESSWELL CRESSWELL and the Court over which he presided, and, being tolerably well provided for, and having had enough of connubial bliss, she went to the great untier of knots—with what success all the world now knows. A four days' trial, and a jury who took a very strong mode of expressing their opinion on her case, have informed her and other British matrons who may happen to have had enough and more than enough of their lords, that they ought to have looked before they leaped.

Whatever facilities for dissolving the marriage tie the new law of divorce is supposed to confer, there remain two specific grounds upon which a wife may appeal to it. These are, cruelty and adultery. Legal cruelty, as it is called—that is, the cruelty which alone can justify a divorce—is a creation of legal decisions. It must be construed according to circumstances, and the able judges who have successively presided in Doctors' Commons have been very chary of extending its range. It must amount, at the very lowest, to acts threatening to life or limb. Merely swearing at a wife, or even disparaging her personal charms, or, what is worse, comparing them with those of other ladies, is a very aggravating thing, and a very cruel thing; but it is not technical legal cruelty. It is doubtful how far Major FITZGERALD ever indulged in these matrimonial amenities. Indeed, it is doubtful what at any time Major FITZGERALD said, or what he meant when he said anything, seeing that he pleads insanity as an excuse for statements admitted to be groundless; but if he had said all that he is asserted to have said, it would have amounted to nothing. The charge of cruelty, when reduced to a tangible form, was founded on the alleged death of Mrs. FITZGERALD's infant, and, in one case, of an unborn child. But then Mrs. FITZGERALD herself had previously accounted for this in another way; and the medical evidence distinctly contradicted her assertion that her husband's violent conduct was even the proximate cause of the disaster. It is quite possible for ladies to go into strong hysterical fits, and to be very much excited by giving way to temper; and Mrs. FITZGERALD, whether as maid or matron, never seems to have understood that she was bound to check her natural tendency to strong feeling and strong language. No doubt the Major was provoking. There are few things more provoking to a woman who fancies that she has drawn a blank in the matrimonial lottery than the constant presence of a rollicking, careless, easy-tongued husband, a master of chaff and a proficient in the horse-play of camp life, who, if not absolutely anxious to offend, is careless whether he offends or not. But, putting Major FITZGERALD's manners at the very worst, it was simply absurd to argue seriously that he ever treated his wife with what an English judge can hold to be matrimonial cruelty. It would, indeed, be a grievous social calamity if coarse manners, unkind speeches, taunting, and railery, and chaff were to be held to be grounds of divorce. Men take their wives, and wives take their husbands, for better as well as for worse; and if, in many cases, it is all worse and no better, there is nothing to be said but that the bargain at the altar plainly contemplated this. The collar may chafe, but it is the first of matrimonial duties to get the married neck indurated to a few ugly rubs.

As to the charge of adultery, it is enough to say that there was no evidence for it worthy of the name. Major FITZGERALD's relations with Mrs. MALLEY may have been odd, but there is no ground for the suggestion that they were criminal. Ladies and gentlemen are not in the habit of borrowing 25*l.* of each other; but if they do involve themselves in these pecuniary entanglements, it is not perhaps to be wondered at that they dun each other. Dunning is a process in itself so difficult and delicate that it is not surprising if the process sometimes takes

eccentric
the coat
a marri
and are
assumed
FITZGER
interest
in any
The ch
cruelty
vestigat
we mu
Irish h
spirits.
ladies l
which
life, th
happin
hunter
of adu
vants
commo
reason
FITZGER
eviden
perhap
possibl
itself t
would
herself
mony.

THE
it
leave
import
immun
other
scarcel
visited
volunt
our he
neigh
upon
path o
beset.
tion, t
is like
be wi
histor

The
histor
Princ
this
bearin
of th
which
popul
suffic
riage
to it
sorrow
void
suppl
so far
an hi
unch
stren
as th
his p
nomi
muc
liam
possi
alth
expl
is w
nati
it he
in p
to c
upon
enou
time
don
caus
app
plac
the
The

eccentric forms. The minatory dun is the usual shape, but the coaxing dun is at least conceivable. A married lady and a married gentleman who have a debtor and creditor account, and are deep in each other's books, are not necessarily to be assumed to have incurred softer obligations. And to do Mrs. FITZGERALD only justice, she seems at first to have felt a deeper interest in her husband's prodigality in promises to pay than in any other form, real or fictitious, of his marital indebtedness. The charge of adultery failed as thoroughly as did that of cruelty; and if Major FITZGERALD did not come out of the investigation with entire satisfaction to himself or to his friends, we must make, as the jury evidently made, ample allowance for Irish hyperbole, Irish metaphor, and the exuberance of Irish spirits. The moral of the whole case is on the surface. If ladies love their banker's book with the exemplary devotion which Miss BETTESWORTH paid to the ways and means of life, they had better not trust their chances of domestic happiness to an Irish soldier, or what is usually called a fortune-hunter. And, if they do, they had better not get up a charge of adultery against him on the evidence of discharged servants who are not more particular as to dates than as to common probability. Society would have had the greatest reason to complain had the Divorce Court found Major FITZGERALD guilty either of cruelty or adultery on such evidence as was produced in this case. An ill-assorted, and perhaps unhappy, couple Major and Mrs. FITZGERALD may possibly be; but the Divorce Court would at once proclaim itself the public nuisance which it was said, or hoped, that it would become, had it permitted Mrs. FITZGERALD to entrust herself and her thousands to another speculation in matrimony.

THE YEAR.

THE year 1863 has closely followed the peculiar character of its immediate predecessors. In purely English history it will leave almost a blank, but it has been crowded with events of deep importance to the other members of the family of nations. The special immunity of England from the troubles by which almost every other civilized country has been afflicted still continues. There is scarcely another country besides our own island that has not been visited, during the last quarter of a century, with the scourge of revolution or of intestine war. And, as each succeeding year rolls on, our horizon seems to become more serene and calm, and that of our neighbours more heavily overcast. It would be rash to count upon a continued exemption from the tempests with which the path of every other traveller in the march of human progress is beset. But, so far as the materials exist for political prognostication, there is nothing to betoken that the way of our national life is likely to lose its even tenor, or that we shall at any early period be withdrawn from the happy category of nations that have no history.

The only event of the year, in our domestic annals, to which an historical importance can be attached, is the marriage of the Prince of Wales. Many circumstances combined to make this an occasion of unusual national rejoicing. The graceful bearing and attractive manners of the Prince, the beauty of the bride, the loyal affection towards the Royal House which a long and beneficent reign has justly earned, and the popularity of a Scandinavian alliance, were in themselves sufficient to account for the enthusiasm with which the marriage was celebrated. Perhaps a deeper fervour was lent to it unconsciously by the memory of that bereavement whose sorrow the happy Royal union has helped to banish, and whose void we have a just right to hope that it will in some degree supply. For the rest, there is not an incident in the year, so far as home politics are concerned, which deserves the name of an historical event. The relation of political parties has remained unchanged. If anything, a slight advantage in Parliamentary strength is perceptible on the side of the Opposition. But so long as the present Prime Minister retains, though on different grounds, his popularity with both sides of the House, calculations of the nominal numerical strength of the two opposing parties are not of much value for the purpose of forecasting political events. Parliamentary activity has been confined to questions of detail. Proposals for organic change have been laid aside by common consent, although the grounds of their abandonment have been variously explained by various speakers. Those to whom that abandonment is welcome have attributed it to the unambiguous resolve of the nation not to peril by hazardous experiments the orderly freedom it has gained. Those whose whole political capital was invested in promises of Reform refuse to believe that the nation has ceased to care for it; and they account for its present lukewarmness upon the subject by the theory that the national breast is not large enough to contain an interest upon two subjects at the same time, and that, so long as foreign politics are exciting, matters of domestic concern will inevitably be thought dull. Whatever the cause, the abandonment of that discussion, once so formidable, appears to be complete. It has left nothing behind it to supply its place, and the two rival bands of politicians are almost destitute of the contentious material necessary for Parliamentary conflict. The only kind of substitute discoverable has been furnished by the

Church. The only divisions of the year which were regarded with interest, and which ranged the two parties in anything like full array against each other, were taken upon ecclesiastical questions. In fact, the effort of the Dissenters to obtain a portion of the good things which the Church has inherited is the only hearty movement that disturbs the stagnant calm of our home politics. And even that appears to have undergone, during the present year, a change characteristic of the time. It has shifted its ground from the lower to the more educated classes. Hostility to the Church has ceased to rely upon mere pecuniary motives, or on the religious fanaticism by which the mobs of large towns may be moved, and has carried its appeal instead to the unsettled convictions, and the dislike of dogma, which mark many of the more thoughtful minds of the present generation. The old direct assaults against the temporalities of the Church have lost their popularity. The House of Commons has again refused its assent to the abolition of Church Rates, or to the alienation of the Burial Grounds—in each case by increased majorities. The schemes for admitting Dissenters to the school or the University endowments which at present are vested in the Church were not, on this occasion, pressed by their authors to a division. It is generally believed that most, if not all, of these proposals for the transfer of property belonging to the Establishment will be laid aside next year. On the other hand, a new movement has made its appearance in the Lower House, which will effect the same object in a less invidious manner. The proposal put forward, by Mr. Buxton and others, for removing the dogmatic barriers which separate the Church of England from other denominations, does not as yet command any great Parliamentary support; but there appears to be more vitality in it, and more prospect of its acquiring future importance, than in the sister movement against the temporalities. The one has at least all the freshness and interest which belong to novelty; the other exhibits the infirmities characteristic of an old worn-out cause, whose arguments have become tedious by constant iteration. The class, also, to whom the new anti-dogma movement owes its origin is more tenacious of its aims, and more dexterous in its tactics, than the class upon whose support the agitation against Church-Rates rested. The weakness of the new school, at the present moment, is in the matter of numbers; though it has been powerfully reinforced by the taste for ecclesiastical trials which has taken possession of some important personages in the Church. If this mania continues to rage with its present virulence, perpetually involving scrupulous consciences in a new network of difficulties, it is probable that the movement against ecclesiastical subscriptions may form an important feature in the political history of the next few years.

The economical and financial history of the country during the last twelve months presents few points of interest. The comparative ease with which the community supports the strain of the cotton famine continues to surprise even the most sanguine. At the same time, the crisis is far from its termination. The funds that were subscribed last year are rapidly melting away; and it has been generally admitted that no second effort is likely to be made on anything approaching to the same scale. The supplies of cotton from other places besides America are still lamentably inadequate; and though a continuance of the present high prices will probably in time secure a sufficient supply, great doubts are felt, by those who are competent to judge, whether a large market can be found for cotton goods on such terms. The enormous consumption of the manufactures by which Lancashire is supported was created by low prices, and it seems questionable whether that consumption can continue to exist upon totally changed conditions. In the meantime, the new operations consequent upon the violent disruption of the cotton trade have created a drain of bullion, which during the last few weeks of the year has been severely felt. For the time, at least, that danger has been averted by the prompt precautions that have been taken by the Bank. The year has happily been marked by an abundant harvest, and a large development of Continental traffic, which have come opportunely to strengthen the country against the commercial pressure which may possibly be impending. In financial policy, Parliament has been prudently content to abstain from further experimental changes, and to confine itself to the more grateful task of reducing taxation. One or two ill-judged attempts on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to enclose fresh game within the tax-gatherer's net robbed the Budget of much of the popularity it would otherwise have earned. The victims of the Minister's taste for symmetry were too strong for him, though he fought the battle with more than his usual eloquence; and the obnoxious propositions were withdrawn in the face of a hostile majority. The only other serious difference which arose between the Government and the House of Commons also took its origin in a question that was in some degree financial. It was not solely, nor perhaps mainly, upon economical grounds that the House of Commons refused to purchase the building of the International Exhibition. But though the champions of taste, and the opponents of backstairs influence, probably constituted the largest portion of the majority, the vista of endless expense which the project opened furnished a considerable contingent. Both the proposal to tax the Charities and the proposal to buy the Exhibition building acquired an additional importance from the test which they applied to Mr. Gladstone's powers of leading the House of Commons. The result of the trial was not to his advantage. In both cases he seriously damaged the cause which he stood forward to advocate by the maladroitness with which he dwelt upon topics that were only calculated to irritate his audience.

The tranquillity that has prevailed, upon the whole, within the walls of Parliament, has been in strict sympathy with the spirit that has been dominant outside. Nothing that could be dignified by the name of agitation has taken place during the past year. Efforts have been made by Mr. Miall to give a wider range to the operations of the Liberation Society, and to persuade the Dissenters to make an adherence to its programme the one test of a standing or a falling candidate at the next general election. But he has not carried with him the bulk of Nonconformists; and his views have been formally repudiated by some of the most powerful representatives of Dissent in the North. The movement in favour of the abolition of indirect taxation, and the substitution in its place of an impost upon capitalized property, seems to have died of inanition. In the last two months of the year, Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright have indicated an intention of renewing a Reform agitation upon more distinctly revolutionary principles. As far as their two speeches at Rochdale give an opportunity for judging, they propose to animate the poor for the conflict by drawing before their eyes striking pictures of the contrast between their own incessant toil and the luxury of the rich. A fitter theme for exciting evil passions and stimulating the appetite for lawless gain could not be devised. Whether the two agitators will succeed in persuading their ignorant hearers that the existence of poverty is due to the condition of the representation, we are not yet in a position to say. But the alarm and indignation excited by the communistic oratory of the two inseparable politicians has been so deep, and so loudly expressed, that it is not very likely that they will proceed with their undertaking. In fact, Mr. Cobden appears to be so heartily conscious of the mistake which they have committed, that he has taken an opportunity to assure the world that, when they denounced the laws which gathered land into large estates and divorced the peasantry from the soil, they simply meant to advocate a cheaper system of conveyancing. This curious, and somewhat courageous, explanation has been accompanied by an attempt to avert unpalatable criticism by personal abuse of those who were designated by rumour as being connected with the press. The manoeuvre has been carried out with so much violence of temper, and so extraordinary a want of taste and judgment, that its only effect has been to leave upon the public mind a general impression extremely unfavourable to Mr. Cobden's pretensions as a leader of any section of political opinion.

Mr. Bright has been devoting himself, with more of success, to an effort to bring the pressure from without to bear upon the conduct of Ministers in their dealings with the contending parties in America. During the earlier part of the year, the Government showed no inclination to interfere with the ships which were generally supposed to be building upon Confederate account in various ports, and the present Attorney-General broadly laid down the doctrine that the sale of ships of war by neutrals to belligerents could not become matter of international complaint. But a little later, the Government, either from possessing evidence which it deemed more complete than the Foreign Enlistment Act had been broken, or on other grounds at present imperfectly explained, resolved to accede to the importunities of the Federal Ambassador, and to seize the ships. Since that time, the Attorney-General has taken up the ground—hardly compatible with his previous opinion—that if the sale of these ships had been completed, it would have involved the nation in a war. Whether the seizure is legal or not is yet, as the year closes, under discussion. The case was argued at great length and with consummate ability in the Court of Exchequer; but the decision, though presumably formed, yet remains to be pronounced.

The year 1863 has brought no change to the condition of any of the English colonies, with the single exception of New Zealand. The war of races, which has been preparing for a long time past in those islands, has broken out at last. The original cause was a petty quarrel about land in which the British Government was clearly in the wrong. Much discussion has passed upon the ownership of the block of land which was the subject-matter of that quarrel; and if the judgment of Europeans upon our recent policy in New Zealand were to be staked upon the issue of that argument, it must remain indefinitely suspended. The intricacy of Maori customs, and the perplexities of conflicting evidence, are abundantly sufficient to baffle the scrutiny of distant critics. But one incontrovertible fact lies upon the surface of the discussion. Whether the Government or William King was the rightful owner, the cause was never fairly tried. The Government seized the land by military force, in pursuance, not of the verdict of any impartial tribunal, but of a report from its own surveyor. The war originally broke out because the natives, jealous of the possession of their land, refused to yield it up to lawless violence. Up to that point it was impossible to condemn them. But the Home Government has done all that was in its power to repair the wrong. It removed the Governor who had provoked the quarrel, and sent in his place a statesman of tried ability, who had always distinguished himself as a champion of native rights. Peace was restored. No punishments were inflicted. The disputed block of land was given back. But all these advances did not avail to pacify the passions that had been once roused. It is the peculiarity of half-civilized minds that they can never believe in any motive for concession except terror. The policy of England in dealing with such cases has always been hampered with the difficulty that, if an unjust step chances to have been taken by any indiscreet subordinate at any distant point of her Empire, it cannot be retracted without inviting real outrages and entailing a certain war. So it has proved in New Zealand. A

mistake such as that committed by Governor Browne is one from which there is no returning. Sir George Grey's conciliatory efforts have only been interpreted as a proof of England's impotence; and the peace which he seemed to have obtained has merely been looked on as a breathing-time, and employed as an opportunity for more extensive preparations. As soon as the hostile Maoris thought that they had secured a sufficient number of allies, they recommenced the war, not concealing that it was a war no longer for the redress of grievances, but for the independence of their nationality. It is believed upon the spot that, if any serious reverse were to befall our arms, the whole native population would combine against us. Happily, no such calamity has yet occurred. The Imperial troops, so far as they have acted, have been hitherto successful. But the force at the disposal of the Governor has as yet been too small for decisive operations. With the exception of a campaign against the hill tribes upon the Indian frontier, every other British dependency has passed the year in a condition of complete repose. In Australia, some feeling of excitement has been produced by the proposal of Lord Grey's Commission to increase the transportation to Swan River. It is doubtful whether the recommendation of the Commission will come to any practical result. If it should, it is difficult to understand on what grounds colonists living several thousand miles from Swan River are entitled to offer any opposition to its adoption. The Canadian Parliament has wisely listened to the remonstrances of the Mother-country, and has taken at last some steps of preparation against a war which the events of every succeeding month apparently render more probable. The brief chronicle of the British Empire during the past year would be imperfect without a mention of the fact that it has become smaller since the year began. The Ionian islands, promised to the Greeks on the condition of their electing a Sovereign approved by England, are on the point of being duly made over to them in fulfilment of the bargain. The surrender of this dependency was acquiesced in by Parliament somewhat reluctantly; but the doubt of our ability to garrison three Mediterranean fortresses in case of war, and a very general aversion to the Ionians, in a great degree counteracted the distaste with which cessions of territory are regarded in England.

When we pass from the British Empire to other countries, the chronicle of the year 1863 loses its peaceful character. The disturbances in Europe have been mostly central, and have spared the extremities of the Continent. Sweden, Spain, and Portugal have been absolutely at peace. France has been disturbed, so far as her internal policy is concerned, only by the resistance which the repressive policy of M. De Persigny has excited in some of the great towns. The Emperor has shown himself sensitive to the public opinion of his subjects. The obnoxious Minister has been removed; and though the discontent does not appear to have been pacified, it shows no disposition to express itself except by constitutional action. Italy has met with no other impediment to her rapidly growing prosperity than the continued brigandage of the Southern provinces. The extent to which those disturbances are of a political character is unascertained; but it would seem that visible progress has at length been made, in some districts, towards their suppression. Greece has undergone a bloodless revolution, of which only the happy termination belongs to the present year. The crown of which King Otho was summarily deprived went begging for a wearer during many months. It was successively declined by Prince Alfred, by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and by Prince Ferdinand of Portugal. At last an unobjectionable candidate was found in the son of the then Prince Christian of Denmark, and brother-in-law of the Prince of Wales. The peaceful unanimity with which the revolution commenced was, with some unfortunate exceptions, maintained up to the end. The new reign has not hitherto been distinguished by any of the vigorous measures which are necessary to call out the resources of a country to which almost every condition of good government is strange. The refusal of the Ministry to pay the debts contracted by previous Governments is looked on, in the City at least, as an evil omen for the future of the new dynasty. Turkey has not been free from those chronic disturbances in her Christian provinces that tell of the hatred with which the domination of an alien and unbelieving race is unceasingly regarded. Such movements have been partly crushed by military force, partly soothed into submission by the friendly efforts of Christian Powers; but they indicate a hostility which grows instead of decaying, and which is likely to be troublesome whenever Russia shall be at liberty to furnish the sinews of agitation. The position of Austria has undergone no material change during the year. Hungary still abstains from sending representatives to the Reichsrath, but the passive resistance which she is maintaining does not seem likely to endure. If Austria should remain at peace, the Hungarians can hardly avoid coming to terms; but if Austria should be drawn into any embarrassment by the necessities of foreign policy, they will doubtless seize the opportunity for securing the independence which they desire.

But the efforts of Hungary to obtain a separate Diet have ceased to attract the attention of Europe in the presence of far more desperate struggles, provoked by far more cruel wrongs. Poland has been the central point of European history during the past year. For some time previously, it was known that the Poles had not given up the hope of regaining their independence, and that they were only waiting for some moment of Russian weakness or embarrassment to make the effort. At last it seemed that such an opportunity would be furnished by the measure of serf eman-

ipation
It appear
out with
some exc
outbreak
accompli
intention
and the
themselves
granny
the whole
to precip
their pla
then to
pating th
According
fall only
issued.
out into
a will-to
than had
country,
willing to
to destr
greater
tend its
scale we
Poles ob
efforts o
No singl
Langwies
partisan
the sum
other in
reputatio
cast upon
to the P
assassinat
thrown a
It was r
such as
without
their fav
definite
their resi
foreign a
foreign a
guine. I
feeling.
ancient
lessness v
by Napol
was a st
of the la
embodim
not be ex
hope of o
against B
which th
the comp
favourabl
sion of in
as time w
least in
increased
running
not be sa
With th
the Treat
difficultie
English r
the task
better if
contented
war of d
up. Th
were ang
with pol
of the c
less resis
with wh
of extern
in a fe
Emperor
question
proposed
respect t
leopardiz
found li
declined
ruage m
discussed
Congress
France fo
out the
likely to

ipation which Alexander had forced upon his unwilling nobles. It appeared probable that such a change could hardly be carried out without some resistance on the part of the landowners, or some excesses on the part of the liberated serfs. Accordingly, an outbreak was planned for the day which had been fixed for the accomplishment of the Emperor's scheme. An inkling of this intention naturally came to the ears of the Russian police, and the authorities were forewarned. They resolved to protect themselves by a manoeuvre, hackneyed in the traditions of tyranny, but which has called down upon them the execrations of the whole civilized world, in this hemisphere at least. They resolved to precipitate the insurrection, to provoke the Poles to rise before their plans were matured or their opportunity had come, and then to dispel for ever all fears of national revolt by exterminating the classes among whom the disaffected spirit was kept alive. Accordingly, the plan of an arbitrary conscription, which should fall only on the Polish party, was formed; and the decree was issued. It answered its purpose admirably. The country broke out into revolt, and the Russian Government set to work with a will to quench the revolt in blood. It proved more formidable than had been anticipated. It was not universal all over the country, for, except in a few districts, the peasantry were unwilling to join it. But it was sufficiently powerful, practically, to destroy the Russian authority for the time over the greater part of the Kingdom of Poland, and even to extend its operations into Lithuania. No actions on a great scale were fought; but in a war of perpetual skirmishes the Poles obtained frequent successes, and set at defiance the efforts of the Russians to clear the country of their bands. No single man of remarkable ability appeared among them. Langiewicz and Lelewel distinguished themselves the most as partisan leaders, but the career of both of them closed before the summer had passed away—one of them in exile, the other in death. Microlawski has done nothing to redeem his reputation as a commander from the slur which former failures had cast upon it; and he appears at present to have contributed little to the Polish cause except the introduction of the system of assassination which has been imputed to him, and which has thrown so much odium upon the insurrectionary government. It was not to be expected that the Poles, without arms save such as they could smuggle across the Austrian frontier, without money, and with only one section of the population in their favour, could by themselves maintain the conflict for an indefinite time. The utmost they could hope to do was to prolong their resistance to the gradually accumulating force of Russia until foreign aid should come in to make the fight more even. And of foreign aid their friends had, at one time, a good right to be sanguine. In France, sympathy for Poland was a genuine national feeling. It had been handed down through a long tradition from ancient days, and it was enhanced by a recollection of the heartlessness with which the confidence of the Poles had been betrayed by Napoleon at the highest point of his power. In England there was a strong feeling in their behalf, especially in the minds of the large class who had been brought up to hate the Czar as the embodiment of absolute power. From Austria much sympathy could not be expected; but there was a bribe stronger than sympathy in the hope of obtaining, in an independent Poland, an inexpensive bulwark against Russia. And, in all countries, the fearful cruelties with which the Russians sought to beat down the rebellion kindled the compassion even of those whose political views were least favourable to the aims of the Polish leaders. At first the expression of indignation was so strong that war seemed imminent. But, as time went on, the practical difficulties of intervention stifled, at least in England, the impulses of pity. The Poles themselves increased those difficulties just at the time when the tide was running highest in their favour. They proclaimed that they would not be satisfied with less than the ancient Kingdom of Poland. With that proclamation all hope of interfering upon the basis of the Treaty of Vienna fell to the ground. France, in spite of all difficulties, was still willing to appeal to the sword; but the English nation, and the Cabinet under their guidance, recoiled from the task that was proposed to them. It might perhaps have been better if, when that decision had once been taken, England had contented herself with a solemn protest, and had declined a war of despatches. Unfortunately, a sharp correspondence sprang up. The despatches upon the part of the Western Powers were angry and aimless, while the replies from Russia bristled with polished and scornful sarcasm. The only practical effect of the correspondence was to encourage the Poles to a hopeless resistance, and to embitter to the utmost the malignant zeal with which their oppressors applied themselves to the work of extermination. At last, Lord Russell withdrew from it in a few subdued and deprecatory sentences; while the Emperor of the French made a last effort to bring the question under the review of an international tribunal. He proposed that the condition of Poland, and all other questions in respect to which the Treaties of Vienna had been broken or jeopardized, should be submitted to a general Congress. The idea found little favour except among the smaller Powers. England declined absolutely; and the other Great Powers replied, in language more or less distinct, that a list of the questions to be discussed was a necessary preliminary to the assemblage of such a Congress. Negotiations are still being ostensibly carried on by France for the purpose of summoning a Congress, if possible, without the aid of England; but at present no practical result seems likely to ensue.

The Polish insurrection drags its slow length along, but it is evident that resistance is slowly dying away. As yet, success has produced no abatement in the barbarity of the Russians. The question, however, has ceased to occupy the prominent place it filled six months ago. A newer difficulty, pregnant with still greater peril to the peace of Europe, is engrossing the attention of the diplomatic world. The quarrel about the Danish Duchies has at last come to an issue. The proverbial intricacy of the question repels the ordinary student of newspapers, but those who are content to take the trouble of examining the details of foreign politics are aware that it is hazardous to pronounce any very decided opinion either against or in favour of Denmark. While the late King of Denmark was alive, it seemed as if the German States could scarcely be entitled to throw perpetual difficulties in the way of a Sovereign whose claim to govern was incontestable. But the accession of the present King, and the rash act which he was forced to commit at the outset of his reign, entirely altered the position of affairs. His title rested mainly on the Treaty of London, and this treaty had only received the adhesion of Austria and Prussia on the express stipulation that Denmark should do nothing to incorporate Schleswig with Denmark. No proposition about contemporary politics rests on more irrefragable evidence than that this stipulation was exacted by Austria and Prussia, as the condition of their recognising the succession sanctioned by Russia and the Western Powers. The first act of the new King was to assent to a bill by which Schleswig was virtually incorporated with Denmark, and it is notorious both that the King sanctioned the measure entirely against his will and judgment, and that the leaders of opinion in Denmark pressed on the bill as a distinct challenge to Germany. The Sovereigns of Austria and Prussia have shown no desire to withdraw from the Treaty of London, and have steadily opposed the strong wish of their subjects to declare that treaty void; but they reasonably insist that the stipulations which were the consideration for the adhesion of their Courts to the treaty should be carried out, and especially that so open a defiance as the immediate incorporation of Schleswig should be withdrawn. The German people have displayed singular warmth and unanimity in their endeavour to set aside the Treaty of London, and to establish an independent German Power in the Duchies. The Prussian Parliament has taken the lead, and has offered to vote any supplies that may be necessary, if the King will espouse the popular view and establish the Duke Frederick of Augustenburg in the Duchies. It is commendable in a popular assembly that it should ignore minor grounds of disunion when a really national cause prompts it to side with a Ministry it dislikes; and, however glad the Germans might be to see Kiel the port of a future Federal navy, the vexatious interference to which they have been subjected in the Duchies, and the fatal mistake of incorporating Schleswig at a time and in a manner when the act was so peculiarly insulting to Germany, are sufficient to explain the passionate vehemence with which the nation has now taken up the matter. The Courts, however, of the two larger Powers are evidently sincere in their wish not to embark on a policy which may carry them they know not whither; and, by way of compromise, they have taken the illogical, but perhaps not imprudent, step of inducing the Diet to order a Federal Execution in Holstein. This is, theoretically, a mere measure of internal police; but it may perhaps satisfy the feelings of the national party in Germany, and so avert or postpone the war which would certainly ensue if German troops were to cross the frontier of Schleswig.

The desolating struggle in the other hemisphere has not advanced far towards its termination during the past twelve months. In the earlier part of the year, fortune continued to favour the Confederates. Hooker attacked them on the Rappahannock, as Burnside had attacked them before, but only to his own discomfiture. That engagement, however, in which Hooker was so entirely defeated, inflicted on the Confederates a loss far greater than the loss of a battle; and it almost appears, for the present, to have been the turning-point of the war. Since the death of Stonewall Jackson, scarcely anything has gone well with them. They crossed in great force into Pennsylvania, and were repulsed with severe loss at Gettysburg, by a general of no marked abilities. Compelled to retreat, they have been inactive in Virginia since. Scarcely had the battle of Gettysburg been fought when the news of the fall of Vicksburg, and afterwards of Port Hudson, followed. Rosecrans advanced thereupon through Tennessee to Chattanooga, and Burnside upon Knoxville, and both those important posts were surrendered without a blow. The Federal troops suffered subsequently a severe defeat at Chickamauga; but the victory was only a gratuitous sacrifice of valuable lives, for, through some strange irresolution of General Bragg, it was entirely thrown away. Since then, two other severe reverses to the Confederate arms have taken place. General Bragg was surprised in the course of a retreat from his position in front of Chattanooga, and his rear-guard completely routed. The result of this disaster was that troops were set free to march to the relief of Burnside, who had been shut up in Knoxville by Longstreet; and thus the whole value of the battle of Chickamauga has been lost. Happily for the Confederate cause, General Bragg has been removed; but the damage which his incompetence has done will not easily be repaired. On the other hand, the year closes with some incidents of more cheerful omen to the Southerners. Charleston still defies the utmost efforts of its assailants. All the resources of modern artillery have been employed against Fort Sumter with unparalleled prodigality; and that fortress may

fairly be said to have been pulverized during the operation. But the only result has been to convert a weak fort of brick into an impregnable sand-work. General Meade made another attempt to force the position of General Lee upon the Rapidan, but was compelled to retreat without attempting a battle. And the latest accounts indicate that all the conquests of the Federals are worthless for the purpose of enabling them to occupy or trade over the ground which they have subjugated. West Tennessee is still occupied by guerillas, and the Mississippi is still closed to traffic. The appearance of division among the Federals, which was discernible at the beginning of the year, vanished entirely in the course of it; and they are now to all appearance determined to prosecute the war to the end. Even the arrest and expulsion of Mr. Vallandigham, for a speech made to his constituents, has not aroused them to the dangers in which a war of conquest is involving their own liberties. The upshot of the year's fighting is that the Federals have gained the line of the Mississippi, and the most important of the mountain strongholds of East Tennessee; but they have made no further impression upon Virginia or Charleston. They have now reconquered the whole of the country which is commanded by the navigable rivers, and during the remainder of the war they will have to maintain the contest without the aid of that peculiar advantage.

The obituary of the year contains an unusual number of distinguished names. The only two deaths that have exercised an appreciable influence upon political affairs have been already mentioned. If it had not been for the unfortunate death of the King of Denmark at this critical moment, the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty might have been deferred till Europe was in a more peaceful condition, and better able to adjust so thorny a dispute. If Stonewall Jackson had not fallen at Chancellorsville, the issue of the battle of Gettysburg might have been different. The second of these two deaths, however, was felt as something more than a political event. It was mourned far beyond the limits of the Confederacy to whose fortunes it was so terrible a blow. Jackson's pure enthusiasm, and the magical influence he exercised over his men, invested his career with a peculiar fascination which mere strategical abilities would not have possessed. The mere rumour of his presence in the field was in itself a defence, and struck a terror into the enemy which none of his comrades, however brave or skilful, have been able to inspire. His country lost him at the moment when she could least spare him; but he is happier in having been taken away from the evil that may be in store. Our losses at home have been neither few nor slight. Some have fallen in the ripest age, when the service they owed to their country had been abundantly discharged. Lord Lansdowne, who had sat in the same Cabinet with Fox, and Lord Lyndhurst, who was born in the United States when they were still English colonies, had passed the age of usefulness or enjoyment. Their deaths have left no void in social or political life. They have merely served to remind us that England has passed through more stirring times than these, and has needed strenuous and devoted service more than she may seem to do at present. Archbishop Whately, though he died also full of years and honour, belonged to a younger generation; and yet, so rapid are the changes of fashion in speculative thought, he represented a school of opinion—a compromise between two opposing tendencies—of which no other specimen could now be found. Lord Clyde's death, though he lived to a less advanced age, can hardly be said to have been premature. His life had been fairly worn out in his country's service; he had made his name, and he had played his part. His countrymen can scarcely regret that he passed away while the memory of his great services was still fresh, and his powers were still unbroken. Other public servants we have to mourn who fell in the vigour of their life, and upon whose coming career many hopes were built. In Sir George Lewis, England has lost not only an able administrator and a renowned scholar, but a statesman who might have combined into one compact and powerful party the more moderate of the multitudinous sections into which the political world is divided. Unhappily, the task which he left undone is one that none of those who remain behind him can fulfil. Lord Elgin's death was equally unexpected; and his loss has only not been irreparable because one of the greatest of Indian rulers, who left India some years ago with impaired health, has consented to fill the vacancy. Another loss of a very different kind has, within the last forty-eight hours, been added to the list. The death of Mr. Thackeray, in the height of his popularity, is a calamity which will not indeed affect any public interest, but which yet will be widely felt. This generation is not strong in humorists; but to those few whom we do possess belongs the credit of having given refinement and delicacy to an art in which those qualities were not formerly conspicuous. Mr. Thackeray was one of the best examples of a school of which the popularity has been enormous, and which has done no slender service in raising the character and establishing the purity of English literature.

MARTYRS.

IN the last number of *Macmillan's Magazine* Mrs. Gaskell wrote an obituary notice of a Colonel Robert Shaw, who joined the ranks of the Federal army, and was killed in one of those bloody battles which would have saddened and sobered any European nation. Mrs. Gaskell does not affect to make more of her hero than the facts warrant, but she thinks his name deserves to be chronicled because she knew him to be a noble young man, of

high spirit and high principles, who went and fought for what he conscientiously believed to be a holy cause. He went forth, she tells us, as a soldier of Christ, to fight for the freedom of the slave; and as he fell in this good fight, witnessing for the truth, he may justly, she thinks, be called a martyr. That men who take up any cause in the spirit in which we may believe Colonel Shaw took up the cause of the North, ought not to be too soon forgotten; that they are the salt of a society of shoddy contractors, attorney-generals, and Irish fanatics; and that it is very just that these brighter specimens of American life should be brought before Englishmen, is all very true. But Mrs. Gaskell's language about Colonel Shaw raises a question which we think well worth discussing. Is it desirable to speak of a man who does his duty in the cause of his country, and falls in it, as a martyr? Any one who reflects will see how large is the issue thus raised. On the one hand, when we see a man conspicuous as a soldier of Christ—or, in other words, animated by the highest spirit of personal religion—and we think the cause in which he fights a good one, and he dies in defence of what he thought and we think right, it may be said that we ought to use some language which shall openly convey all this to the world, which shall not slur over such feelings and conduct under the mere generalities in which ordinary merit is recorded, and that we should openly side with him, as it were, by proclaiming our adhesion to the cause for which he perished. To call him a martyr does undoubtedly convey very much what, if this is the view we adopt, we wish to be conveyed. On the other hand, it may be said that there is something accidental and capricious in this casual exaltation of one particular person who only does what thousands of his countrymen did too, and that we confuse the standard of men's judgment when we choose to put some private friend on a pedestal of this sort. It is obvious, too, that, as we include in the term "martyr" an approbation of the cause to which the deceased has witnessed, and as the partisans of every side think their cause right, they may all term their fallen heroes martyrs; and thus the meaning of the term will be frittered away, and it will come merely to mean a person who dies in a cause which some one approves. Every one feels at once that it is natural for an enthusiastic lady to call her dead American friends martyrs, but that no quiet, impartial man of the world would use the term. This does not show that Mrs. Gaskell is wrong. The notion that terms like "martyr" ought not to be vulgarized may be a mistaken one, but at any rate it is right that persons who like to write as Mrs. Gaskell writes should only do so after full consideration.

One main ground on which such language as Mrs. Gaskell uses may be justified is that it describes tolerably well what really happens. No one can doubt that many young Americans have gone to this war as soldiers of Christ, and have fought because they have truly thought that the freedom of the negro was an end to attain which they were called to give up father, and mother, and wife, and sister, and all the comforts of wealth, and the sweet delights of happy youth. If there have been few of such men—as we have no reason whatever to say that there have been—as compared with the number of such men that any other nation would have sent to battle—this is only a stronger reason for speaking of them in exceptional language. A hundred men, we will suppose, go out from an American town and join the army of the Potomac. Out of this number, one may chance to be a man of strong religious principle, deeply convinced of the righteousness of the cause he has espoused, and his whole way of thinking, acting, and talking may mark him out from his companions. To say that he is distinguished from the others by going forth as a soldier of Christ, conveys a tolerably accurate notion of what really happens, and one which could scarcely be conveyed by language less marked and unusual. But, then, what happens on one side happens on the other. If Colonel Shaw went forth as a soldier of Christ, so did Stonewall Jackson. He, too, obeyed the call of duty. After mature reflection, he came to the conclusion that his duty lay in fighting for his country, and that his country was the State to which he belonged. Northerners would say this was a mistake, for the Union was his country, and he ought to have fought for that. So, too, Southerners would say that negro emancipation is not a thing which can be justifiably or profitably brought about by force. It is not, however, with the value of these arguments that we now have to do. As a matter of fact, both sides of the American quarrel are good enough to be espoused to the death by men of deep religious purpose and feeling.

But we may go much further than this. If what happens is to be the justification of the language which Mrs. Gaskell thinks it right to employ, we are not in a position to say where doing duty on high principles may stop. Wherever an act is lawful, any one honestly engaged in doing it may be doing it on the highest possible principles, and it would be a most serious thing if this were not recognised, and if we were to allow that the pursuit of the ordinary callings of life is inconsistent with religious fervour. If it is right to fight against the Northerners in the army of Virginia, as Stonewall Jackson believed it to be, it is right also to carry on other warlike operations against them. It was right, for example, to seize on a Federal ship by the device of putting Confederate passengers on board, as was done the other day. If this was right, then there is no reason why one or more of those engaged in the transaction may not have done it because he was serving a cause he thought right, and because his religious principles impelled him to support this cause. He may, in short,

have sallied forth as a soldier of Christ to seize a vessel on which he was pretending to sail as an innocent passenger. Or let us take an example that comes nearer home. It is in principle quite justifiable to try to run a blockade. The right to trade with the people whose ports are blockaded is merely subjected for the time being to the right of the blockading Power to catch blockade-runners if it can. The service is now one of difficulty and danger, and would call forth many of the qualities which ennoble warfare. A captain who is offered the command of a vessel destined for Wilmington may see in this opening the best chance he has of providing for his family. He may reasonably think it his duty to run considerable risk, and to tax his faculties to the utmost, in order that he may provide for those dependent on him. If he does this, he ought to do it on the highest principles and with the highest feelings; nor are we in the least justified in assuming that there are not many captains of blockade-runners that have these principles and feelings. There is, therefore, no reason why, as a matter of fact, some men may not go forth as soldiers of Christ to run the blockade of Wilmington and carry the Southerner a cargo of rum or shoe leather.

The natural reluctance which Mrs. Gaskell would feel to treat as a "martyr" a captain who had the misfortune to be shot or wrecked while running the blockade, will explain why the mere accordance with what actually happens is not sufficient to account for the language used. It is not the suffering in a good cause that makes people martyrs; it is the suffering in a cause which those who use the word enthusiastically admire. It is because Mrs. Gaskell is a devoted Northerner that she thinks Colonel Shaw a martyr. She wishes to proclaim her sympathies, and she cannot devise any better mode of letting the world know how ardent her sympathies are than to apply a term sacred in the history of Christianity to those who fall in the cause of the North. The question therefore is, whether it is permissible to use such terms in order to mark a strong approval of the cause in which a good man fell, and in order to mark that this approval is known to be antagonistic to the opinions of others. To call Colonel Shaw a martyr, and to speak of him specially as a soldier of Christ, because he went to fight for negro emancipation, stand on the same footing as the use of Scripture names and parallels to express the likes and dislikes of passing politics. It is in this way that the Pope has called Victor Emmanuel "Judas Iscariot," and the Emperor "Pontius Pilate." It is in this way, too, that Mr. Seward has freely adapted parallels from the Old Testament to express the relations of the North and South. Mrs. Gaskell, and the Pope, and Mr. Seward may all plead, as the Puritans long ago pleaded when they did the same thing, that they feel earnestly, and that the language of the Bible is the language of earnest people. To die for the North is, we may conjecture, in Mrs. Gaskell's eyes, to die for Christianity, just as the Pope might think that to rob the Head of the Church was a sin approaching to that of Judas Iscariot, and that to be indifferent to that robbery was like the sin of Pontius Pilate. To speak more mildly would be, it is argued, to abandon principles, to allow that questions of right and wrong are not so solemn now as they were once, and to shrink from saying what the pure heart and sound conscience dictate.

Enthusiasts like Mrs. Gaskell and the Pope are not likely to be convinced, and the latter, we fear, is utterly impervious to all argument; but it may be worth Mrs. Gaskell's while, and worth the while of many able and cultivated people in England who are inclined to write as she does, to take into consideration the reasons why this sort of language is objected to by persons who would equally object to it whether it was a Southerner or a Northerner that was called a martyr. The first of these reasons is, that the language used is so strong and so easily employed that it comes to mean nothing. If one side can call its chief adversary Judas Iscariot, the other can call its chief adversary Herod, or Caiaphas. Both North and South might speak of their lost captains as martyrs, until martyr might merely be a synonym for a tidy but unfortunate officer, just as "gentleman" at New York means a person low enough to like being called one. Then, again, the habit of using these strong expressions acts unfavourably on those who employ them. They find themselves pledged and constrained by their own words not to view impartially and dispassionately the whole question at issue. They cannot well go back and examine the origin of the quarrel, the probable future that lies before the combatants, or the remoter interests at stake. Political sermons are, for the same reason, a mistake. Whenever the preacher has expressed a strong opinion and put it in religious language—when he has declared that the cause of Garibaldi, or of the Druses, or of the Taepings, or of the anti-French party in Madagascar, or whatever cause he may take up, is the cause of God—there is no more to be said. He, we know, will never get any further, nor shall we by his help. He has taken his shot at truth, and circumstances render it almost impossible that he should have another. Those who use guarded and moderate language have at least the satisfaction of knowing that, if they get any new light on a subject that interests them, there is nothing to hinder them from profiting by it.

CANDOUR.

CANDOUR, like prejudice, is a word which has branched off into two or three quite distinct uses, though it is easy to see the common idea which underlies all. But the uses of the

word candour have diverged from their common origin ever further than the uses of the word prejudice. The word prejudice has simply been coloured in one direction. It is assumed that a prejudice will be an unfavourable prejudice, unless it is expressly said that it is a favourable one. But the word candour has been coloured in two different and nearly opposite ways. If a man says he is going to give you his candid opinion of your conduct, you know for certain that he is going to say something disagreeable. If you ask a man to give you his candid opinion, it implies that you are prepared to hear something disagreeable, and that you think it is more likely that what he says will be something disagreeable than otherwise. It would be too much to say that, in phrases like these, the words "candid opinion" have come themselves to mean "unfavourable opinion"; still they are almost always used in such a way as to imply that a candid opinion will most likely be an unfavourable opinion. On the other hand, when we speak of putting a candid construction upon a thing, it always means putting a favourable construction; at any rate, as favourable a construction as the circumstances will allow. Again, when we hear a speech, a review, a judgment of any kind, spoken of as uncandid, it commonly means that something favourable to the person spoken of is dishonestly kept back. The exception is when a man is speaking of himself, or of something for which he is supposed to feel the same interest as for himself—say for his friends or his party. In such cases, candour generally means acknowledging his own errors or the errors of those for whom he is interested. But to conceal something unfavourable to ourselves or our friends is often pretty much the same as to conceal something favourable to somebody else. So that these last two uses practically approach to one another. Altogether, it is clear that there are two or more distinct uses of the word candour; but it is no less clear that a common idea runs through all of them.

The primary general notion which runs through all is that which springs directly from the original meaning of the word. Candour is strictly whiteness; not a dull, dead, blank whiteness, but a clear, shining whiteness—a kind of positive purity, so to speak, as distinguished from the mere absence of impurity. Intellectual candour will therefore be clearness—clearness of thought combined with clearness of statement. Moral candour will imply a perfectly clear, unbiassed, unprejudiced judgment, expressed without any dishonest disguise or reserve. Now, first to form and then to express such a judgment is not the easiest of processes; it requires a struggle against several temptations, intellectual and moral. Hence it will be found that the word candour commonly implies an effort. A man is praised for being candid, because he has triumphed over temptations to be uncandid. Candour is not merely thinking justly and speaking truthfully, but thinking justly and speaking truthfully under difficulties. Candour, in fact, commonly implies the existence of a controversy or difference of some kind, in which there is an opportunity to entrap the other party in argument, or in some way to disguise the truth for party purposes, of which opportunity the candid man refuses to take advantage. There is nothing to which the word candid is so commonly applied as to admissions in argument. Candour, in short, generally implies not only clearness and honesty, but clearness and honesty accompanied with some sort of possible self-sacrifice—clearness and honesty which may perhaps be so turned as to tell against oneself.

Now this thoroughly falls in with all the different and, at first sight, opposite uses of the word. To put a candid construction, to make a candid admission, to deliver a candid opinion, all imply some temptation struggled against and overcome. The main difference among them lies in the nature of the temptation; and the temptation of course differs according as the candour required is candour of thought or mere candour of expression. In the phrase of putting a candid construction, the future expression, and of course the candid expression, of the construction so put is latently implied; but the candour which is immediately required to be exercised is a candour within the man's own heart, a candour of thought, and not a candour of expression. On the other hand, when a man candidly gives you his opinion, the candid formation of the opinion is undoubtedly taken for granted; but what you immediately speak of is not its candid formation, but its candid expression. In a candid admission the two elements come in about equally; it implies at once and directly both the candid formation of the opinion and its candid expression. In all these cases there is a struggle against something or other, but the enemy to be overcome is not the same in all cases. To put a candid construction, that is, a fair and honest construction, on anything, comes to mean putting a favourable rather than an unfavourable construction, because it is assumed that our tendency will be to put a too unfavourable rather than a too favourable construction. It implies that the candid or honest construction, though of course not more favourable than truth requires, will be more favourable than the construction which we should of ourselves be inclined to put. A candid construction thus means, by comparison, a favourable construction; it is taking the favourable view when the favourable and the unfavourable are about equally probable. It differs from the charitable construction, which goes a step further, and takes the favourable view as much as it is barely possible, even though the unfavourable be much more probable. But candour, like charity, takes the favourable view when it can, though its powers of taking it are not so extended as those of charity. That candour

should have got this meaning clearly implies that our first impulse, in judging of a man's conduct, is to put the worse construction rather than the better; not necessarily to put a bad construction when probabilities are in favour of the good—which is sheer injustice—but to incline to the bad rather than the good, when the two are pretty equally balanced. Candour triumphs over this temptation, and weighs the probabilities together. If good clearly outweighs bad, or bad clearly outweighs good, it gives judgment accordingly, but, if the two are equally balanced, it gives the vote of Athena in favour of good. Candour has thus, in this usage of the word, come to bear a meaning slightly better than its original meaning. At first sight this seems to contradict Dean Trench's rule about words gradually sinking into worse meanings. But in truth it confirms it; at any rate it supplies another illustration of the principle which Dean Trench's rule assumes. Through man's evil tendencies, words in general get worse meanings than they are naturally entitled to. In this case a word has got a better meaning than it is naturally entitled to, but it is by dint of an evil tendency of man's nature that it has got it.

This, then, is candour of thought—honesty triumphing over the temptation to think worse of our neighbours than need be. Candour of expression has to contend with another foe. Candour of expression is the honest straightforward speaking of our whole minds, the setting forth the whole truth, whether agreeable or disagreeable, whenever such unrestrained outspokenness is the right course. Candour of this kind differs from mere frankness, which is a disposition rather than a principle, and which speaks out without feeling any difficulty, and therefore without any struggle. Still further is it removed from mere bluntness, which pays no regard to time, place, or person, and which, if anything, takes a direct pleasure in saying disagreeable things. Candour, on the other hand, says disagreeable things when they are necessary, but only when they are necessary, and it takes no pleasure in saying them. Candour, in short, is perfect openness, where openness is the right thing. The special meaning, which is at least suggested by the word candour, of saying something which is disagreeable to the hearer, arises from the temptation which has in this case to be overcome—a temptation quite different from that which has to be overcome by candour of thought. In forming judgments, our temptation is to needless harshness, but in expressing our judgments to interested parties the temptation is not to needless harshness, but to undue softening of the truth. It is unpleasant to have to say something disagreeable, especially when we are more likely to lose than to gain by saying it. Candour triumphs over this temptation, and speaks out the whole truth, pleasant or unpleasant. The essence of candour is, of course, speaking the whole truth. But, if the whole truth happens to be pleasant, there is no temptation not to speak it, and therefore no special virtue in speaking it. The virtuous act is the speaking the truth when it is unpleasant. Candour of expression therefore has got the secondary sense, or at least carries with it the accompanying idea, of saying something unpleasant—an idea by no means implied in the natural meaning of the word.

Candour of admission in controversy implies, as we said, both species of candour—both candour of thought and candour of expression. To admit a strong point on the adversary's side implies, first, that candour of construction which enables us to see such strong point, that is, to put the more favourable construction under the strongest temptation to put the less favourable. It implies, secondly, a high degree of candour of expression, triumphing over a strong temptation, though a temptation of a different kind from that which has to be overcome by ordinary candour of expression. It has to triumph over the natural disinclination to give any advantage to an adversary—over the temptation, even when we clearly see our own weak points or our adversary's strong points, to avoid confessing that we do see them. A candid controversialist is one who both thinks candidly and speaks candidly, one who both sees his adversary's strong points and confesses that he sees them. Undoubtedly such a style of controversy pays best in the long run, but it requires a successful struggle against a great many momentary temptations. If you admit strong points on your adversary's side and yet keep to your own opinion, it can only be because your own opinion is supported by other points stronger still. You need, therefore, never fear to admit points which, however strong in themselves, are still comparatively weak. Still it requires some intellectual and some moral vigour to carry on controversy in this style. The smaller class of disputants think it part of their dignity never to admit anything, not seeing, besides the dishonesty of such a course, the great advantage which it really gives to their adversaries. If, on the other hand, you find your adversary's points so strong that your own will not stand against them, candour requires something further still—namely, an open expression of change of opinion. How many temptations this course has to strive against we need not say.

Candour then, in all its forms, has one general principle running through all. It is thinking and speaking honestly when the temptation is to think and speak otherwise. That honest thinking and honest speaking have to contend with quite different kinds of temptations gives a different colouring to candour of thought and to candour of speech. But the same general principle runs through both, and the man who is found capable of the one will generally be found capable of the other.

COUNTY BALLS.

THE county ball season has set in, if not with the usual severity, at least with average spirit and zest. Sedate folks may wonder that half the world, while professing to enjoy the peace and rest of rural retirement, will submit to be dragged from their comfortable homes on a raw November or December night, ten or twenty miles over muddy roads, in the family omnibus or family coach, merely to enjoy, without the London inducements and advantages, what they profess to be sick of at the end of every London season. But the grumblers are in a minority, and the county ball-going population continues to frequent the county balls with undiminished alacrity, in spite of adverse criticism. And, indeed, with the one drawback of distance, it might easily be upheld that, on the whole, county balls are more enjoyable than London balls. In the first place, county balls, even in the gayest neighbourhoods, are not of frequent occurrence. They are few and far between; they are events to be looked forward to; and they are speculated about, until they fill the mind with an amount of pleasurable anticipation which is not, as in London, disturbed by a distracting host of intervening engagements. County balls, moreover, are, on the whole, less artificial than London balls. The former might, indeed, be poetically described as being to the latter much what a gleam of sheet lightning is to the flaring blaze of London gas-lights. The moral tone of the country prevails. The mere fact of large parties of relations, friends, and acquaintances being gathered together all round the neighbourhood for a few days, and with the express purpose of going to the county ball, seems to throw a more homely and genial atmosphere over the assembly when it comes. In a London room, it may very well happen that a man scarcely knows half a dozen people; nor is it always easy to obtain introductions. The person you might feel it a real pleasure to be introduced to is most likely the very one who cannot be got at. With all the good breeding in the world, you may earn an inconvenient reputation for asking a simple question, or for making a simple remark, or for putting yourself goodnaturedly to infinite trouble in getting a glass of champagne over the body of a greedy and malignant old dowager for the benefit of the parched and heavy boyden who has put your arm out of joint, and whom you cordially worship for being the only available creature in the room. But in a county ball, it cannot often happen that people find themselves without a respectable base of operations to fall back upon. There is a dignity in repose amid the support of an imposing party in the country which it requires much personal presence to assume and carry off under the enforced and inglorious inactivity of a London ball. It is true that a perfect stranger at a county ball may be as conspicuous as a black swan in a village pond. But this is the exception. Generally speaking, everybody seems to know a little about everybody. A man is not tabooed for asking a question about anybody he may not happen to know, and a hint goes further where the questioner is partially enlightened, than a long explanation where he is entirely in the dark. Indeed, he generally gets more information than he asks for. The women are all more at home, more open and confidential. A thousand little details and little episodes thus strike him which would probably be lost upon him in a London room. And thus the interest extends beyond what barely meets the eye.

But, besides this, county balls have another very great advantage, and that is in the size of the rooms and the possibility of dancing for dancing's sake. It is not too much to say, that whereas seventieths of London parties resemble a crowded horse-fair or a cattle-market, where people meet to buy and to sell, to examine and be examined, and be cooped up like sheep in a pen, but not by any means primarily to enjoy pleasure for pleasure's sake, in the country, on the contrary, they really do go to the annual ball with some reasonable intention of amusing themselves, and are enabled to meet under conditions which, apart from the moral end in view, do not place a primary and insurmountable physical obstacle in the way of their enjoyment. Mr. Thackeray somewhere asks what 300,000*l.* a year would be to a man who was condemned to live upon it with a pin in his shoe? And so it may be asked, what can be the pleasure to the most fanatical dancer of dancing combined with intermittent asphyxia, caused by alternating draughts of iced air and dirty hot water? It is very much to be wished that the sensible few, who, after much painful experience and not a little meditation, have arrived at the great truth that the higher classes would benefit almost as much as the lower by the occasional admixture of a little real and positive enjoyment with the absorbing and momentous cares of the matrimonial market, would follow the example set by certain enterprising ladies, who, from time to time, give their balls in public rooms. It requires great courage in England to abandon the beaten track. But they would soon be rewarded for the strain they put upon their daring. They might be loth to forego the opportunity of displaying the position and proportions, the luxury and taste of their house in town. But, on the other hand, they would reap the blessing of their own household gods in the integrity of their furniture and the undisturbed comfort of their homes. To have your doors scratched and your best paper torn, your curtains dragged, and your whole establishment topsyturvyed pretty much as if you were the victim of a fire, or on your way to India, is no small price to pay for the vanity of showing the bare walls of a hired house to a crowd of strangers, who enjoy your hospitality like fishes gasping on their backs in a broiling sun. Then, again, some anxious motherly hearts may think that the pursuit

of matrimony under excruciating torment is the best proof of sincerity on the part of the candidates who sigh for their daughters' hands, and that, if young men really could enjoy themselves like butterflies in the balmy breeze, sipping the sweets of one flower after another in the golden air, nothing would come of it; and Heaven knows, they think, little is the faith of male kind, even under the most horrible spells. But we have told them often, and we venture to tell them again, that they err in their philosophy and are wrong in their policy. The love of enjoyment is like the fire that grows as it is fed. Heirs-apparent are, after all, men of like flesh and blood with themselves, the fashion of whose hearts is to thaw in the sun and to freeze in the frost. Again and again we tell them, that though true love may and will breed torment, torment does not breed true love—no, nor was the path of true love ever known to lie through asphyxia. The traveller who drew his cloak tight round him under the influence of the persecuting wind threw it off under the rays of the loving sun. And heirs-apparent are still men enough to fall under the operation of that great example. The most care-ridden matron may rest assured that the policy of true enjoyment will sell ten heirs-apparent at the feet of her daughter, where the policy of unmitigated torment will only result in bringing her own failing hairs with sorrow to the grave.

We have said that, on the whole, there is probably more enjoyment, because, amongst other things, there is also more good-nature, more *bonhomie*, in county balls. But, on the other hand, certain very substantial deductions may and ought to be made. If, on the one hand, the interest of a county ball is more vivid, because people know one another better, so also local jealousies and petty rivalries operate with far greater force in the country than they do in town. Disputes and claims of precedence, which in the country assume imposing proportions, dwindle into nothing in the vastness of London life. On the other hand, what would be molehills in town become mountains in the country. It must be evident to every dispassionate observer that the immense and sudden increase of wealth and education has raised a large and very influential mercantile and professional aristocracy, which in point of numbers, means, and refinement, may very naturally vie with the old gentry and aristocracy of the country. And there is scarcely a county ball in which the jealousies of the two factions are not displayed in a manner not only ridiculous in itself, but alien to the interests and the true theory of English society. Indeed, it becomes a subject of congratulation when, as at some county balls, the invidious practice of dividing a room into two hostile sections, a high and a low, is abandoned. But such exceptions are comparatively rare. On the one hand, it is not uncommon to find a petty squire, who has never done a thing in life except bluster about his pedigree upon a few beggarly acres, snubbing and insulting people who have enriched the country with the most valuable industry, and whose wealth, refinement, and knowledge—everything, in fact, but the wretched pedigree about which nobody cares—are a hundred times greater than his own. On the other hand, it happens quite as often—but, let it be owned, very much more in self-defence—that the wealthy and meritorious *parvenu* or his children look down with ill-bred contempt upon those who are in every respect their equals, if not their superiors, except in the possession of an odd hundred thousand pounds. Much may be said on both sides. The landed gentry have certain advantages not to be disputed. They have the self-assured repose of long possession, which none but men of very high organization can acquire in one generation, and which in manners is as much above the uneasy fuss of many self-made men as the polished calm of the Oriental gentleman is above the brag of the Yankee. A man who is born a gentleman must be singularly wanting if, almost with his mother's milk and on his mother's lap, he does not insensibly drink in a code of morals and behaviour, of respect for himself and respect for his neighbour, which is the only true definition of a gentleman, but of which, if he is not born to the thing, no man can master all the minutiae in a lifetime, except by virtue of great personal superiority and patient self-education. But in numberless cases the distinction in point of refinement between the county magnates and the monied residents of the greater towns is so microscopic as scarcely to exist. We need not add that the balance is often entirely in favour of those whom the squirearchy insult with so much self-satisfaction and complacency. We say the squirearchy, for it is often observed that, as one goes higher in the social scale, the spirit of ignorant and arrogant exclusiveness is less and less apparent. Most of the peers are so much mixed up with large social and public interests that the prejudices to which they would naturally be exposed if they were tied to small country seats are inevitably counteracted and diminished. It must be a great satisfaction to a mere county magnate to stand in his dignity at the top of an exclusive ball-room aloof from a crowd of merchant princes; it can be none to any English nobleman or statesman who understands and is proud of his country. And the sooner it becomes the fashion to exclude absurd and far-fetched jealousies from county ball-rooms, and to make amusement a neutral ground of good feeling and real high breeding, the better.

It is the fashion with a certain class of minds to look with lofty pity, and perhaps even contempt, not unminged with indignation, upon that which they consider the childish infatuation, not to say the intellectual vulgarity, of dancing as a pastime for rational and civilized people. Of course we are not here referring to the narrow prejudices of half-educated sectarians. Unquestionably it might not be a very edifying spectacle to see Mr. Spurgeon galloping with a pious damsel in the wholesale commercial line.

Dr. Cumming, with one eye fixed on an immediate millennium, and both hands perhaps fumbling in that contemplation among long leases and comfortable reversions, would evidently waltz at a disadvantage in the matter of personal grace amid people not so sublimely preoccupied. Perhaps it may be thought that the Scotch divines, who cut such a very silly figure in their frays with English admirals, would be none the more imbecile and malignant if they occasionally relieved the gloom of their superstition by a little harmless romp at Sir Roger de Coverley. It may be safely asserted that a man must have very poor brains indeed who finds any difficulty in striking the moral balance between dancing in a cheerful ball-room and certain forms of social amusement which are deemed decorous and permissible in the land of Sabbaths and whisky, and which even pious Kirk elders have been known to patronize. But we repeat that to this unhappy class of persons we do not even remotely allude. We are now speaking of people who, though they look at dancing from the point of view of common sense, yet contrive to see it through a distorting medium of false pride and conventional dignity, which caricatures everything beyond sitting in a chair or walking across a room. They look upon waltzing, or a country dance, as being equally senseless and ridiculous, a waste of time, and a derogation to the loftiness of humanity. But it is easy, we think, to turn the obverse of the medallion and show them the caricature of their own system in its opposite extreme. The Chinese beau-ideal is to have stunted feet and to be unable to walk. Dancing may very likely seem the height of absurdity to a Chinese mandarin, but then a Chinese mandarin is not the artistic ideal of the more cultivated European. It may be doubted whether even a Scotch divine would not submit to the black sin of learning the polka, if the alternative were presented to him of becoming a Chinese aristocrat.

Mr. Mill has faithfully embodied the growing fear of the educated classes lest all liberty and individuality should be absorbed in one dead level, and civilized men become a sort of calculable automatons. And anything which multiplies even the physical aptitudes of men and women, and breaks the monotonous tenor of their general habits, is in that view a boon to society. A ball-room, moreover, has, under favourable conditions, an ideal of its own—an ideal of beauty, and courtesy, and grace. It is a place where every one with any good-nature wishes to look, and, as far as the occasion permits, to be, his best; where women try, or may be supposed to try, to be as lovely and as lovable as they may; where toil, and care, and passion, and dirt, and slovenliness disappear, at all events to the outward eye; where the absorbing professions, and the idols and hobbies of the dark corners of life, vanish in a brighter atmosphere of general enjoyment. If any one doubts that dancing has a poetical, and we should even say, if we cared for big words, a lofty side, let him read Mr. Longfellow's account of the ballet-dancer in Hyperion, and we think he will admit that the American Tupper has touched upon a speculation far deeper than the usual level of his shallow though amiable genius.

COLONEL CRAWLEY'S COURT-MARTIAL.

COLONEL CRAWLEY has been honourably acquitted, and the time has therefore arrived at which the evidence given at his Court-Martial may properly be made the subject of public discussion. As the proceedings of the Court were spread over about five weeks, and occupied twenty-one days of actual session, it is probable that most of our readers will have lost the thread of the story, and will be glad of some account of the effect of the evidence.

The charge against Colonel Crawley was twofold—namely, 1st, for having caused the orders under which Sergeant-Major Lilley was confined in close arrest to be carried into effect with unnecessary and undue severity, whereby Lilley and his wife were subjected to great and grievous hardships and sufferings; and, 2ndly, for having said, in his reply at the Mhow Court-Martial, that it was Lieutenant Fitzsimon's fault that Lilley's wife had been incommoded or annoyed by the precautions taken for his safe custody. The evidence given in support of these charges was excessively voluminous, but the following short statement of the facts established may serve to make it intelligible. The arrest of Lilley, and the other two Sergeant-Majors, Wakefield and Duval, arose out of the proceedings at the Mhow Court-Martial. In the course of that inquiry—which involved an investigation into Colonel Crawley's character as commanding officer of the Inniskilling Dragoons—the Court, upon information that the Sergeant-Major of the regiment had read a report of part of their proceedings to other non-commissioned officers at his quarters, forbade the publication of the evidence until the case was closed, observing that “such an extraordinary proceeding” (as that of the Sergeant-Major, apparently) “can only be intended to bias the minds of the witnesses on the one side or the other.” The circumstances of this transaction were investigated by Colonel Crawley, who forwarded the evidence which he obtained respecting it to General Farrell and General Mansfield. On the 26th of April, 1862, General Farrell gave the following order:—

You are to keep the Regimental Sergeant-Major Lilley and the Troop Sergeant-Majors Wakefield and Duval in close arrest under sentries, and forbid any one to have access to them except under your own express permission.

On the 6th of May, General Mansfield made an order, in which he said:—

The Sergeant-Majors are not to be released from arrest until the proceedings

in the trial of Captain Smales are entirely closed, and the Court of which Lieutenant-Colonel Payn is the president has been finally adjourned.

As General Mansfield's order was based upon that of General Farrell, it appears fair to interpret it as enforcing the same sort of arrest which General Farrell's order had enforced—namely, close arrest under sentries, so as to forbid access without special permission.

On the 26th of April, 1862, the three Sergeant-Majors were accordingly arrested by Lieutenant and Adjutant Fitzsimon under a written order from Colonel Crawley, which was afterwards expanded into a formal regimental order, duly inserted in the order-book on the 28th of April. This order directed that the Sergeant-Majors should be placed under the charge of sentries, that every one should be forbidden access to them, and that the sentry should inspect their native servants on entering and leaving their quarters, and take from them any written communications. Under this order, Lilley was confined in a bungalow containing five rooms, which he occupied with his wife, then very ill from consumption. She was allowed to remain with him. On the 1st of May, a man named Blake was corporal of the guard over Lilley. He was tried by court-martial for neglect of duty in posting sentries outside the quarters instead of inside, and was reduced to the ranks and sentenced to forty-two days' imprisonment, which punishment, however, was remitted on account of his previous good character. On the 7th of May, Lilley gave his evidence on Captain Smales's Court-Martial, and there, in answer to the questions of Captain Smales, he stated to the Court various acts of harshness on the part of the Colonel towards him. The last question and answer were as follows:—

Q. State to the Court as near as you can the last act, harsh and unusual, of the prosecutor towards you.

A. The last act is at the present time by a sentry being placed at my bedroom door, where my sick wife is lying. The door is quite open; the sentry is posted about two feet from my bed.

It appeared from the evidence of two members of the Mhow Court-Martial that, as soon as he heard this, Colonel Crawley appeared "very much annoyed and astonished." Captain McNeill (who was corroborated by Captain Clarke) said that—

As soon as the Court adjourned, Colonel Crawley called Cornet Snell, then acting as Adjutant, and asked if it was possible that the sentry was posted as described by Sergeant-Major Lilley in his evidence. The Adjutant answered that he did not know. Colonel Crawley told him that, as Adjutant, he should know where every sentry in the regiment was posted. He desired the Adjutant to get on his horse and gallop off and see whether the sentry was posted as described by Sergeant-Major Lilley, and, if he was, to have him instantly removed.

Upon this order Cornet Snell made a change in the position which the sentry then occupied. On the next day (May 8th) one John Little was sentry over the prisoner. Whilst he was on guard, a Mrs. Gibson came in, and Little was arrested for permitting her entrance, and taken before Major Swindley, who was attending at the orderly-room. Major Swindley dismissed the man, and entered on the official record the word "admonished," by mistake, as he said, for "released." On the 12th of May, Lilley and his wife were removed to a second bungalow, as it was necessary, for some public purpose, to pull down the one which they had previously occupied. It appeared, from an official correspondence put in evidence, that Colonel Crawley did what he could to prevent this change, and that he tried to persuade the proper authorities to make the second bungalow as comfortable as possible. It also appeared that he objected, somewhat testily, to suggestions of Quartermaster Woodin's as to the removal of the Sergeant-Major into other quarters specified. On the 24th of May, Captain Smales made his defence; and Colonel Crawley wrote to Major Champion, Assistant Adjutant-General of the Mhow division, to suggest that there was "no longer a necessity to keep the three Sergeant-Majors in close arrest, with sentries over them, lest they should be tampered with," and that the close arrest might properly be changed to simple arrest. On the following day (May 25th), permission to take this step was granted, but on the same day Sergeant-Major Lilley died of heat-apoplexy at 4 A.M., having been unwell on the day before, and seized, in the middle of the night, with the fit of which he died.

These facts were clearly proved, and, with the addition of a conversation of which the date was disputed, and the evidence as to the nature of the quarters in which the Sergeant-Major was confined, they are the only facts in the case. The conversation was between Colonel Crawley and several of his officers, namely, Lieutenant Fitzsimon, Major Swindley, Quartermaster Woodin, and Captain Weir. Sergeant-Major Cotton, Sergeants Gibson and Bernard, and a private named Reynolds, were also present. Substantially, their accounts of the conversation were the same. Quartermaster Woodin's is as follows:—

The Captain told Lieutenant Fitzsimon that he had information that Sergeant-Major Lilley had intercourse with other people. The Colonel asked the Adjutant if he knew the meaning of close arrest or not. I can't remember the reply made by the Adjutant, but the Colonel immediately said—"Close arrest means that the sentry should never lose sight of his prisoner, night or day." A remark was made by either the Adjutant or the acting regimental Sergeant-Major that Lilley was a married man, and his wife sick. Colonel Crawley then replied, as nearly as I can remember—"Married or single, officer or soldier, close arrest means close arrest, and I will have it carried out." I beg to add that I am sure that the Colonel said—"And, by God, I will have it carried out."

As to the accommodation given in the two bungalows, it is probably difficult to form a perfectly accurate notion of the matter without the assistance of plans or models. But it appears that the first bungalow had five rooms—one very large one, 34 ft. by 16,

two smaller rooms, 14 ft. by 16, opening out of it, and two other small rooms to the rear about 10 ft. square. There was a verandah in front. In the second bungalow there was one large room, 23 ft. by 14, and one small one, 7 ft. by 14. The second bungalow had also two verandahs. The large room had a curtain across it, and there was a sort of blind, called a chick, between the large room and the small one. That the first quarters were comfortable, and the second tolerable, appears to be the fair result of a great deal of evidence on the subject. Confinement in them would not have been oppressive in itself, unless it was made so by the presence of the sentry.

Such, stated in the driest possible manner, were the facts of the case. We proceed to describe the way in which they were manipulated for the purposes of the prosecution and defence respectively. The prisoner objected to the charges against him on the ground that they were "so limited as to prevent" his "going into the substantial merits of the whole case" by justifying the necessity of the arrest of the sergeants under the circumstances. He also objected that the first charge did not specify the particular acts of harshness and severity which he was supposed to have committed. The Court, however, did not alter the charges, and, indeed, they had no power to do so; but both the prosecutor in his opening address, and the Court in the early part of the proceedings, were careful to define exactly what was the issue to be tried. In his opening address, Sir A. Horsford (to whom Mr. Denison, the Deputy Judge-Advocate, appears to have assumed precisely the same relation in which Mr. Vernon Harcourt stood to Colonel Crawley) made the following observation, which is vitally important:—

It is to be borne in mind that the prisoner received an order from the Commander-in-Chief at Bombay to keep Sergeant Lilley in close arrest till the trial of Paymaster Smales was finally adjourned, and for the purposes of this trial that order may be regarded as legal.

He added, however, that "as the confinement (by the strange terms of the order) was to be uncertain in its duration, it ought to have been made by the prisoner as little grievous as possible from its commencement." He went on to say, that under the circumstances, the prisoner ought, when he found to what a length the imprisonment was running, to have warned General Farrell or General Mansfield of the fact, and to have asked leave to abridge it. He observed that one question for the Court would be whether "even assuming it to have been right that the close arrest was to be strictly enforced for the length of time during which it was enforced, it was necessary, or even reasonable or proper, that the sentry should have been placed where he was placed;" and he added, "I think it my duty to let it be distinctly understood that I do not consider blame to be imputable except in the exact manner and to the precise extent" stated above. Again, on the second day of the proceedings, Colonel Crawley sought to put in evidence a letter on the subject of Lilley's conduct from Colonel Thesiger, the Deputy Adjutant-General. The prosecutor, referring to his opening address, objected that this was irrelevant, and the President said:—

We may assume that Sergeant-Major Lilley was a culprit to the fullest extent, in consequence of the stringent orders given by superior authority for his close arrest. But the question for the Court is, whether the conduct you pursued towards him was compatible with the strictest arrest. The history of Sergeant-Major Lilley's conduct is totally irrelevant to the charges. We must confine ourselves to your conduct.

It was impossible to define more clearly the issue which the Court had to try, and, in reference to the course ultimately taken by the prosecution, the importance of this definition cannot be overrated.

Under these circumstances, the first proposition to be made out by the prosecution obviously was that Lilley and his wife were subjected to "great and grievous hardships and sufferings." This is obviously the foundation of the whole case, for, if no such sufferings were inflicted, no undue severity was proved. In his opening, the prosecutor says:—

It will be proved to you, in the opinion of the medical gentlemen who made a post mortem examination of the body, that the death was not traceable to any excess in drinking brandy, &c.

And that—

The annoyances to which Lilley was subjected during his confinement contributed to the breaking down of his health; and that, had he not been in confinement, there were no medical reasons to suppose he would not have been in perfect health when he died.

He went on to argue that "hardships and sufferings which in any appreciable degree contributed to kill a very strong man in so short a time seem to be fitly characterized as great and grievous." This is a strangely inferential and remote way of proving the infliction of great and grievous hardships. The prosecutors were estopped by their own opening, and by the terms of their own charge, from saying that the confinement itself was a great and grievous hardship. The Court were bound to consider it as a legitimate measure directed against "a culprit to the fullest extent." Therefore, the only grievous hardship was the position occupied by the sentry. This appears to us to be the result of a careful examination of the whole evidence. There is an immense mass of testimony, directed to all sorts of subjects; there are endless questions about the credit due to Adjutant Fitzsimon, the exact nature of the conversation in the orderly-room, the reports of the surgeon and his assistant, and a score of other topics; but once admit the propriety of the arrest, and the only definite act that can be described as the infliction of a hardship is the posting of a sentry near Mrs. Lilley's bed. Let us, therefore, examine that.

Dece

What
Lilley's
the evid
Court-M
Atkins.

Colonel
Major's
sentries?
Q. State
to the Co
should go

To this
who said
outside
while he
on her h
back a l
could go
Now, v
in the
which a
sized
reasonab
tion on
Mrs. Lil
On the
the stat
of in th
did he
at his
that, if
plained
effect in
communi
plaint p
wrong
Colonel
grievan
as an o
sugges
was un
nor cog
the bu
able in
gallow
happen
him—
not to
by the
It is
immer
remov
another
lows,
to be
stood
one of
when
reques
in a fi
show
or the
made
any co
the se
positi
remov
incon
stance
the m
moun
negati
They
bed;
prove

What
Lilley's
the evid
Court-M
Atkins.

Colonel
Major's
sentries?
Q. State
to the Co
should go

To this
who said
outside
while he
on her h
back a l
could go
Now, v
in the
which a
sized
reasonab
tion on
Mrs. Lil
On the
the stat
of in th
did he
at his
that, if
plained
effect in
communi
plaint p
wrong
Colonel
grievan
as an o
sugges
was un
nor cog
the bu
able in
gallow
happen
him—
not to
by the
It is
immer
remov
another
lows,
to be
stood
one of
when
reques
in a fi
show
or the
made
any co
the se
positi
remov
incon
stance
the m
moun
negati
They
bed;
prove

What evidence is there that any sentry was posted near Mrs. Lilley's bed? It lies in the narrowest compass. There is, first, the evidence already quoted, given by Lilley himself at the Mhow Court-Martial; and next, there is the evidence of a man named Atkins. It is as follows:—

Colonel Crawley. Atkins, do you remember on one occasion Sergeant-Major Lilley making a complaint to you on the subject of the posting of the sentries?—A. Yes. Q. Did you report the complaint?—A. No, sir. Q. State why you did not?—A. He wished me not. He said he was going to the Court himself in a few days, and would complain. I asked him if I should go to the sergeant of the guard, and he said no.

To this the prosecutor, in his reply, added the evidence of Gaffney, who said that when he was on guard Lilley asked him "to go outside of the bungalow (i.e. the first bungalow), out of the room while his wife undressed, as he wanted to rub some soap liniment on her breast" (not, as the prosecutor inaccurately stated, "to stand back a little"—insinuating that this was all the indulgence Lilley could get, and that the sentry's position was close to Mrs. Lilley). Now, what is this evidence worth? It must be remembered, in the first place, that it applies to the first bungalow, in which there were three good rooms—one as large as a good-sized London drawing-room, and two rooms as large as reasonable bedrooms. The orders, putting the strictest construction on them, were to keep Lilley (not Mrs. Lilley) in sight. Mrs. Lilley lay in bed a good deal, but she was not bedridden. On the contrary, she frequently left the quarters and went about the station. Hence, if Lilley did suffer the indignity complained of in the first bungalow, he had himself to thank for it. Why did he occupy the same room with his wife, when two others were at his—or, at all events, at her—disposal? Again; is it conceivable that, if he had really suffered in this way, he would not have complained at once, instead of keeping the matter back to produce an effect in Court? There is evidence that, whilst in confinement, he communicated with Smales; and the true explanation of his complaint probably is, that whilst brooding over his position, and the wrongs which he considered himself to have received from the Colonel, he caught at anything capable of being represented as a grievance, and preferred using it against the man whom he viewed as an oppressor to attempting to get it removed. Atkins's evidence suggests this view of the case. The evidence of Gaffney (who was under arrest for drunkenness when he gave it) is neither clear nor cogent. It is not clear, because the request to "go outside of the bungalow, out of the room," is oddly expressed and unreasonable in itself (for why should Lilley ask the sentry to leave the bungalow?). And it is not cogent, because it proves only that the sentry, happening to be in the way, went out of the way when Lilley asked him—conduct which does not look as if he put upon his orders not to lose sight of the prisoner the interpretation contended for by the prosecution.

It is round this ludicrously small nucleus that the whole of this immense trial has gathered. On the 7th of May, the sentry was removed from the post which he had previously occupied to another, and orders were given, which applied to both the bungalows, that when Lilley went into his wife's bedroom he was not to be followed. Scores of witnesses were examined who had stood sentry over Lilley subsequently to the 7th of May, but only one of them appeared ever to have seen Mrs. Lilley at all, except when she was up and about; and that one came in at her request to help her to lift her dying husband, when he fell down in a fit of heat-apoplexy. There was not a scrap of evidence to show that she suffered the least inconvenience from their presence, or that either she or her husband (except as above-mentioned) made any complaint on the subject, or that the medical man made any complaint or suggestion. It may reasonably be asked why the sentry was removed from his post on the 7th of May, if his position did not inconvenience Mrs. Lilley? The fact of the removal certainly looks as if Cornet Snell thought the situation inconvenient. He would no doubt be anxious, under the circumstances, to choose, if possible, a perfectly unobjectionable post; but the evidence of every non-commissioned officer and man who mounted guard in the first bungalow, and before the complaint, negatives the notion that the complaint itself was well-founded. They were not so placed that they could see Mrs. Lilley or her bed; indeed there was a chick or blind in each bungalow which prevented them. The prosecutor, in his reply, said—

The vexation did not depend on the mere fact of the sentry seeing or hearing her, but on the fixed, ever-present knowledge in her mind, that there was about her path and about her bed, and spying out all her ways, a constantly-shifting, watchful, male stranger.

And he spoke elsewhere of a "constantly shifting series of sentries, bringing a constantly fresh curiosity to gratify"; but there was no evidence whatever to justify this, except the evidence we have stated. With regard to poor Mrs. Lilley there can be but one feeling, but it is absurd to shut our eyes to the fact that, after all, we must not ascribe to the wife of a non-commissioned officer quite the same feelings that would be natural in a sphere of life less exposed to inevitable roughness. There is only one other point which is capable of being represented as a hardship inflicted on Sergeant Lilley by his Colonel. He inflicted on him fourteen days' needless imprisonment, says the prosecutor; for he might and ought to have represented to his superiors the propriety of removing the close arrest a fortnight before he actually did so, as the evidence for the defence was then closed, and there were no longer any witnesses to tamper with. The evidence was closed, yet the defence was not made; but whether

or not this fact shows that the original reasons for the arrest were still in force, it would be running distinctions very fine indeed to convict a man of cruelty merely because he did not make active efforts on the side of humanity. Admit the legality of the arrest till the end of the trial, and to say that Colonel Crawley did not interfere on behalf of the prisoners is merely to say he was less considerate than he might have been.

As for the argument of the prosecutor, that to account for the death of so strong a man there must have been great and grievous hardships and sufferings, it was entirely upset by the evidence. It is clear enough what sort of man Lilley was. He was very big, "enormously stout," a sober man on duty, but one of those sober men who can carry, and habitually do drink, a great deal of strong liquor. Such a person putting himself on a diet of brandy and soda-water, and coffee and arrack, in the hot months in India, would have a poor chance of longevity whether under arrest or not.

There are some general observations on the "great and grievous hardships and sufferings" which deserve attention, and which were vigorously urged by the prisoner's counsel, in a speech to which the reporters did great injustice by extracting all the rhetoric and omitting most of the argument. Three sergeants were imprisoned, and each was treated in precisely the same way. No charge of cruelty is brought in respect of the treatment of two. Why is any charge brought in respect of the treatment of the third? Because his wife was annoyed. But it was a favour to allow his wife to stay with him. If the orders of Colonel Crawley's superiors had been executed in their utmost rigour, Mrs. Lilley would have been sent to the hospital. All the cruelties with which Colonel Crawley was charged may, in fact, be reduced to allowing Mrs. Lilley to stay with her husband and share in the consequences of what, for the purposes of the trial, the Court was bound to regard as a grave military offence.

The second charge was that Colonel Crawley falsely laid the blame of his own cruelty on Adjutant Fitzsimon. It is fair to say that the observations which he made in his reply at the Mhow Court-Martial were hypothetical. He said:—

It was Lieutenant Fitzsimon's fault if any such thing occurred, for it was his duty as Adjutant to have seen the post assigned to the sentry, and to have taken care that no such improper interference with the privacy of the Sergeant-Major's wife could have taken place. As it was, immediately I became acquainted with the statement of Sergeant-Major Lilley, I sent off orders to have the sentry removed to a post where he could perform his duty equally well without annoying or interfering with Mrs. Lilley.

It was upon this charge that the greatest conflict of evidence took place, but the charge itself becomes unmeaning if it turns out that Mrs. Lilley was never annoyed at all. Taking the view already expressed on that subject, we shall treat this matter more shortly, especially as the evidence runs into all manner of subtle ramifications, not easy to exhibit in a perspicuous way and in any moderate compass.

The prosecution put their case thus:—Colonel Crawley ordered the close arrest of Lilley, and this order was entered in the order-book on the 28th of April. When he heard that Blake had been guilty of an irregularity in posting sentries outside the bungalow on the 1st of May, he was angry, and had the conversation deposed to by Quartermaster Woodin, &c., the gist of which was to give Lieutenant Fitzsimon a positive order that the sentries were not to lose sight of Lilley. This order, says Lieutenant Fitzsimon, "was by me reduced to writing. I laid my draft before him, and he added a word or two. I gave the order to Sergeant Cotton." Sergeant Cotton mentions Lieutenant Fitzsimon's dictating an order to him when the arrest was first made, but he says nothing of any order after the conversation with the Colonel.

On the part of the defence it was not denied that the conversation spoken to had taken place, but it was suggested that it took place in consequence of Colonel Crawley's dissatisfaction with the conduct of Major Swindley in reference to the man Little. This occurred on the 8th of May, and the conversation would be on the 9th, or after the complaints made by Lilley at the Court-Martial, and therefore, after the alteration of the sentry's position. Colonel Crawley denied that he had given any other orders than those which appeared in the order-book. The importance of this was, that if the view of the prosecution was correct, Lieutenant Fitzsimon could say that his hands were tied by Colonel Crawley's orders. If the defence were right, the conversation did not affect the orders, for it was agreed that, after May 7th, there was an express order to the sentry not to go into Mrs. Lilley's room.

Very plausible arguments were alleged in favour of each view. The positive evidence was not very strong, as no one pretended to fix the date of the conversation precisely. Lieutenant Fitzsimon put it at first at the 4th or 5th of May, but afterwards said he thought it was before Blake was arrested, that is, before May 1st. To this it was objected that, if so, he must before the 1st of May have given the sentries the orders which he said he received to keep the prisoner constantly in sight; but one of the witnesses, who was on guard on the night of the 1st of May, said that his orders were not to lose sight of the prisoner except when he went into Mrs. Lilley's bed-room, and this was inconsistent with the truth of Lieutenant Fitzsimon's story about receiving the orders which Colonel Crawley denied having given. A further argument to show that no such orders were given was, that Adjutant Davies, the successor of Lieutenant Fitzsimon, took his orders from the regimental order-book, in which it was not alleged that the orders said to have been given to Lieutenant Fitzsimon had been entered.

These arguments considerably shake the credit of Lieutenant Fitzsimon as to the orders; but upon the date of the conversation it

is very important to observe, that Lieutenant Fitzsimon's presence at it favours the date which he gives. He was on the sick list from May 4 to May 16, and therefore it is not likely that he should have been present at a conversation on the 9th. Great attacks were made on the credit of Quartermaster Woodin, Major Swindley, and Lieutenant Fitzsimon. As the principal fact which they proved—the fact of the conversation—was admitted to be true, they are not very material. From this, however, an exception must be made in the case of Lieutenant Fitzsimon. His evidence was vitally important on the second charge, and a few of the points connected with it deserve notice. In the first place, in November 1862, having been censured by Sir Hugh Rose for having been negligent in posting the sentries over Lilley, he wrote a remonstrance, which, according to the rules of the service, he forwarded to Sir Hugh Rose through Colonel Crawley. That remonstrance he afterwards withdrew, and he submitted to be censured for the very act which he afterwards justified, though he was at the time in possession of the evidence on which he justified it. In the next place (to pass over a vast amount of more or less ingenious bickering), he assigned as his reason for not going to see the sentries posted over Lilley, that he had a feeling of delicacy about intruding on Mrs. Lilley—an excuse which was simply babyish, considering that she was up and dressed most of the day. Being recalled by the Court after the conclusion of the case, he expressly admitted that he had failed in his duty in not going to see the sentry on his post. He was also obliged by the Court to admit that it was the duty of the Adjutant to define the post of a sentry over a prisoner in arrest, that he ought to have known the post of every sentry, and that Mrs. Lilley's illness, and the probability that she might be annoyed, were special reasons why he should inform himself on the subject. These admissions appear conclusive as to Lieutenant Fitzsimon's negligence, and, indeed, it is common sense that the Adjutant, and not the Colonel, ought to be responsible for the sentry's being placed in this or that doorway. It was Colonel Crawley's business to give orders, which, if carried out, would place Lilley in close arrest. It was the Adjutant's duty to say to a given sentinel, "Stand here, and walk from this point to that." The prosecutor says in his reply that, by the rule of equal justice, if Sir W. Mansfield's authority protects the Colonel, the Colonel's authority should protect the Adjutant. This is a mere plausible fallacy. Sir W. Mansfield's order imposed a duty on the Colonel, namely—to issue orders to the Adjutant to put the sergeants in close arrest. This imposed a duty on the Adjutant to tell the sentry to stand here or there till he was relieved, and to find a suitable place for the purpose; and that imposed a corresponding duty on the sentry. The prosecutor's argument would make the Adjutant responsible if the sentry had assaulted Mrs. Lilley, the Colonel responsible if the Adjutant had ordered such an assault, and Sir W. Mansfield responsible if the Colonel had directed the Adjutant to issue such an order.

These are the prominent points of this memorable case, which has ended as it most certainly ought to have ended; but it presents one other feature which it is painful, but absolutely necessary, to notice. This is the line taken by the prosecutor; or rather by the Deputy Judge-Advocate, who is stated in the *Times* to have drawn the reply read by the prosecutor. That reply appears to us to violate the first principles of criminal justice. The duty of the counsel for the Crown in all criminal business is, above all things, to seek the truth fully, fairly, and openly. He is bound by every tie of duty to give the prisoner, in his opening, full notice of the case which he has to meet, and not to take him by surprise at the last moment, and to give the accusation a new turn when the prisoner's mouth is closed. In the early part of this article proof will be found of the reiterated and solemn assertion, on the part of the prosecution, that for the purposes of the trial the order of Sir W. Mansfield was to be taken to be legal. The prisoner was prevented, notwithstanding his earnest request to the contrary, from showing the circumstances which led to the arrest. This was done on the judgment of the Court, delivered at the instance of the prosecutors, that these circumstances were irrelevant, and that it must be assumed that "Lilley was a culprit to the fullest extent." Notwithstanding this, the first part of the prosecutor's reply is filled with criticisms of Sir W. Mansfield's order, drawn indeed with a cautious and skilful hand, and with the words of the opening address before the writer, so as to avoid a positive and direct conflict between them, but yet so contrived as constantly to press upon the Court this conclusion:—"This was an illegal order, contrary to the articles of war, opposed to the justice of the case, founded on evidence admitted to be inadequate, and under these circumstances you, the prisoner, ought in practice to have watered it down; and though we dare not put the whole matter in issue, or try General Mansfield or General Farrell, you shall be convicted by a Court-Martial for carrying out, in their letter and in their spirit, orders which we dare not try them for issuing." It was illegal, says the Deputy Judge-Advocate, in you, Colonel Crawley, to prevent people from seeing Lilley; for though your orders were "to forbid any one to have access to them," yet the words which follow, "except under your own express permission," imposed upon you the duty of giving access to them to every one, and especially to those persons whom the officer giving the order had reason to suppose to be concerned in the conspiracy which he believed to exist. Can any man honestly put such an interpretation on such a phrase? But this is not all. After gently calling Sir W. Mansfield's order "peculiar," the Deputy Judge-Advocate goes on to say, "The offence for the alleged commission of which the Sergeant-Majors were arrested—

namely, a conspiracy—was declared by Sir William Mansfield not to be supported by the evidence." Whatever Sir W. Mansfield may have said (and we should like to see his own words), the Judge-Advocate-General of India took a very different view of the subject upon the materials which Sir W. Mansfield supplied. He says, in a report to Sir Hugh Rose, which formed part of the proceedings:—

I have paid particular attention to these papers as far as they relate to the late Sergeant-Major Lilley, and I am of opinion that there was clear and abundant evidence on which Sergeant-Major Lilley might have been convicted by a Court-Martial, not only of having himself disobeyed the orders of his commanding officer publicly given at the Court-Martial, but of having connived and concerted with other officers of the regiment to disobey those distinct and positive orders which prohibited making public the proceedings of the Court-Martial. The evidence of the other sergeants referred to would, I should say, not only have insured his conviction of this disobedience—and, still worse, combined disobedience—of orders by the sergeant-majors, but also of having, in furtherance of his open hostility against Colonel Crawley, uttered violent and beastly language regarding him in presence of other sergeants, thus increasing the ill-feeling already existing in the regiment against the commanding officer.

The truth obviously is, that Sir W. Mansfield's doubt referred, not to the guilt of the prisoners, but to the legal admissibility of the evidence by which it was to be proved, and upon this point the Judge-Advocate-General of India differed from him. Is this the way in which honourable men should conduct criminal prosecutions? If the Deputy Judge-Advocate either dared not or could not attack Sir W. Mansfield himself, he ought, in fairness to Colonel Crawley, to have said all he had to say in his opening speech, and not to have treasured it up as a *coup de grace* for his reply.

These observations open a further question of considerable interest to the public. What right had the Deputy Judge-Advocate to act the part of counsel for the Crown? He is forbidden to be a prosecutor by the Articles of War, and his proper position at a Court-Martial is that of a legal adviser to the Court. He ought to have given opinions upon evidence and other legal questions as their adviser, instead of arguing with the prisoner's counsel, and becoming an advocate and a partisan. He is the permanent member of the office of which the duty is to revise all findings of Court-Martials, and advise Her Majesty thereon. How can he discharge this function with decency after acting as counsel for the Crown? Suppose the permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Home Office were to go down to the assizes and prosecute a man for murder, would he be fit to advise his chief on the question of a commutation of the sentence? The cases are precisely the same. Judge-Advocates are strange officers—they resemble the *Procureur-Général* of a French Court more than any officer known to our ordinary Criminal Courts; and the present incumbent of the office appears not only to hold a French office, but to do its duty in a French spirit. This is an innovation which neither military men nor civilians will endure until English people cease to care for fair play.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH ARTILLERY.

MOST people profess and feel a willingness to learn from any quarter an art which they are especially anxious to acquire, and in which they do not even imagine themselves to have reached perfection. It would be singular, therefore, if there were any truth in the accusation recently levelled against this country of a stupid blindness to all that the Americans are doing in the construction of monster guns and what are supposed to be invulnerable ships. From the best-informed practical artilleryist down to the most enthusiastic and ignorant amateur of the science of destruction, the acknowledgment is frankly made that we have not arrived at anything like perfection or finality in these matters, and that we are at present passing through an experimental stage which is not likely to be closed for years to come. There has been an almost morbid tendency to extol every frigate or Monitor produced in France or America, and to magnify the performances of guns which have shown no superiority over our own, except what they have derived from the fact of having been used in terrific earnest. More than once our whole system of attack and defence has been all but revolutionized on the strength of some sensation-exploit of a Yankee Monitor, or a Confederate gun. If, therefore, we are still in ignorance of the marvellous advances which America is said to have made in the art of scientific warfare, our darkness must be attributed to the difficulty of obtaining precise information, or to anything rather than indifference to the grand experiments which the New World is trying for the benefit of the Old. In many respects, no artificial trials can teach the lesson which is to be learned from actual warfare. Shoeburyness can tell us to the minutest fraction the penetrating power of a given projectile, and the comparative resistance offered by targets of different kinds. But to learn what form of gun is most available in a breaching battery, or handiest in the field, or in what way an ironclad ship can be made serviceable under all the varying circumstances to which she may be exposed, it is essential to study what has actually been done in hostile engagements. On these last points some lessons have already been laid to heart in England. The Monitor-construction fascinated every one while it was supposed to have been originated in America; but the history of the Western war has, fortunately, prevented any attempt on our side to build vessels as helpless as the Yankee ironclads have shown themselves to be. The *Royal Sovereign* promises to be as far superior to anything which the Transatlantic imitators of Captain Coles have launched as the *Warrior* is to the old *Truist*; and the marked respect with which the defenders of Charleston

Decem
regard t
quadron
shown t
scarcely
which A
an unear
rough a
powerful
in Engla
taken to
done eit
war wh
out by t
that scie
armies,
combata
critic.
any gro
South,
of gunn
Almo
have be
of the
are bro
letter v
no desc
to be
suppose
The fir
Americ
artiller
as if th
genera
all the
riority
at any
Ameri
indiffe
from t
enemy
is "p
results
tended
hundr
field h
built.
is the
It wa
Fort
—wh
Charl
No
on, it
powe
have
Arm
is fir
ever
that
of th
The
the
30lb
the
Eng
weigh
whil
Arm
70lb
1,00
emp
lish
wou
Eng
ever
in t
the
and
An
pla
to l
on:
mo
ger
and
ach
sho
An
tai
my
of
of
an

regard the *Ironsides* (the only broadside ship in the attacking squadron) is some excuse for the preference we have hitherto shown to the sea-going *Warrior* type. Thus far England can scarcely be accused of neglecting the opportunities of instruction which America has so lavishly provided; but there seems to be an uneasy suspicion that, after all our scientific experiments, the rough and ready artificers of America have found out more powerful guns and tougher armour than have yet been constructed in England. It is most important that every means should be taken to utilize American experience, and ascertain what has been done either for attack or defence under the stimulus of the fiercest war which this century has witnessed. The suggestion thrown out by the able Correspondent of the *Times* in the Southern States, that scientific British Commissioners should be attached to both armies, ought undoubtedly to be acted on, if both or either of the combatants were disposed to give a welcome to an English military critic. In the meantime, the facts as yet reported do not afford any ground for the belief that the Americans, whether North or South, have outstripped or approached us in perfecting the science of gunnery or the art of ship-building.

Almost all the accounts which have reached us from America have been deficient in precision. Wonderful reports are furnished of the havoc done by the Federal artillery, and strange theories are broached as to the best mode of plating ships; but even the letter which reproaches England for her refusal to learn contains no description of the Dahlgren and Parrott guns, which are said to be so effective, nor any details of the iron-armour which is supposed to be so much more powerful than that of English vessels. The first statement which professes to be an exact account of what American ordnance really is comes from the pen of an English artilleryman, who makes out a case for our service guns as favourable as if the writer were Sir William Armstrong himself. One or two general facts, however, are to be gathered which strongly confirm all that repeated trials have taught our artillery officers. The superiority of the long rifled bolt over the smooth-bore ball, for practice at any considerable range, seems to be accepted as an axiom in America. The defenders of Charleston regard with comparative indifference the "round things" which are hurled among them from the largest smooth-bores, but they complain that when the enemy attacks them with "them darned lamp-posts" the effect is "pretty uncomfortable." All this exactly accords with the results of our home experiments, for the old 68 never pretended to compete with the rifled gun at more than two or three hundred yards, and even at that range it is now beaten out of the field by the more powerful rifled cannon which have since been built. The arm on which the Americans really pride themselves is the Parrott gun, which carries a bolt of from 100lbs. to 300lbs. It was by weapons of this class that the *Atlanta* was destroyed and Fort Sumter demolished; and the Brooke guns of the Confederates—which, with some English weapons, did the chief work at Charleston—seem to be of the same general character.

Now, if the description to which we have referred may be relied on, it is certain that the American ordnance does not approach in power to that which has already been constructed in England. They have a 100-pounder, which has a rather smaller bore than the Armstrong 110-pounder, and, though it weighs half a ton more, it is fired with a charge of 10lbs. of powder in place of 14. Whatever may be the method of rifling, these data make it certain that the English is by far the better weapon. The comparison of the heavier guns is still more strikingly in favour of England. The eight-inch guns of the two countries carry bolts of nearly the same weight, but the charge of the English 150-pounder is 30lbs., while the American can bear but 16; and yet, as before, the English is the lighter gun. The favourite American piece, the 300-pounder Parrott, is identical with the corresponding English gun in calibre and weight of projectile, and also in the weight of the gun itself; but our charge of powder is 45lbs. while the Americans use only 25lbs. And beyond all these the Armstrong 600-pounder stands alone, with its enormous charge of 70lbs. and its power of crushing almost any conceivable target at 1,000 yards or more. If it were certain that the high charges employed in trial-practice with a few guns can be safely established for actual service with a complete park of artillery, there would be no room for comparison between the quiet progress of England and the more conspicuous performances of America; but even if this expectation should be disappointed, a slight reduction in the severity of the demands made on our guns would still leave them equal to the best American cannon in every other respect, and far superior in cohesive strength.

Very similar conclusions may be drawn from the accounts of American plated gun-boats. Being unable to produce the huge plates that cost the sides of our heaviest ships, the Federals affect to believe that they gain greater strength by successive layers of one-inch iron. The experiment has been carefully tried at Portsmouth, and the laminated targets which represented the side of a genuine Monitor proved worthless in comparison with solid iron; and it is in this fact that the explanation of many of the boasted achievements of the Federal guns may probably be found.

Still, it might seem startling that an intelligent English observer should have been so deeply impressed with the superiority of American weapons, were it not that the same letter which contains the warning contains also the explanation of the whole mystery. The critic who so solemnly reproaches the negligence of his own country has been abroad so long that he knows nothing of what has been done here since the time when Armstrong 82 and 40-pounders were the admiration of the world. It is quite

true that the performances of these comparatively small pieces, with their charges of from 5lbs. to 10lbs. of powder, have been eclipsed by the batteries which demolished Sumter at 4,000 yards; but there is no more comparison between the artillery now constructed in England and the guns which knocked the East-bourne tower to pieces than between those early specimens and the now forgotten 32-pounders with which Nelson fought.

As yet, certainly, there is nothing alarming in what is known of American artillery, powerful as it undoubtedly is; and though it would be folly to neglect the lesson which their sharp experience may teach us, we have no reason to distrust the more peaceful experiments by which English artillerymen are rapidly perfecting their art.

THE RACING SEASON OF 1863. No. II.

THE Royal Meeting on Ascot Heath was followed, a week later, by the plebeian festival of Hampton, where the races are considered by many visitors to be the least important part of the proceedings. This meeting was, however, marked by one of the best of the many performances of Caller Ou, who during the past season ran twenty-seven times and scored seventeen victories. At Hampton, Caller Ou's principal opponent was Millionaire, an undeniably good horse one year older than herself. The weights were, for the mare 9st. 13lbs., and for the horse 10st. The distance was two miles. The race was won by Caller Ou, in a common canter, by fifteen lengths. It will not be disputed that this mare, now five years old, has proved herself to be a bit of thoroughly good stuff. She is by Stockwell, a winner, and the sire of winners. Whether she will come out again next year is doubtful; but if she does not, it must not be inferred that she is "used up," but that she is employed advantageously in private. She has proved herself to be one of the best mares in England, and perhaps it would not be going too far to say that she is one of the best in the world. At any rate, the English breeder knows not where to find a better mare, and he can do no more than put her to one of the best of English stallions, whose merit has been tested by a similar course of severe work. It has been lately imputed to the present system of English racing, that it offers a premium to the production of inferior stock. The truth would rather seem to be that the production of superior stock is encouraged with considerable effect. It may be admitted that, if the breeder's success is lower than his aim, the system still affords him hope that his speculation will not fail utterly; but surely that is a merit of the system rather than a defect. Such mares as Caller Ou, and such horses as Asteroid, another scion of Stockwell, are what the English breeder aims at producing, and it is for objectors to the existing system to show, if they can, what improvement upon these types is practicable. It may be added to the remarks offered last week upon this subject, that when every other sort of English stock is allowed to have improved enormously in the last hundred years, it is difficult to believe that the breed of horses can have deteriorated.

The Newmarket July Meeting derives importance principally from its two-year-old races. The July Stakes were regarded as almost a certainty for Scottish Chief, whose performance at Ascot had justified the expectations formed of him from private trials. But Scottish Chief was beaten, after a magnificent race, by Cambuscan and Midnight Mass. The name of Cambuscan has become familiar to the public in connexion with Lord Stamford's recent sale. The horse was put up, along with the rest of his owner's stud, to be sold "without reserve," after the last and heaviest of many disappointments which Lord Stamford had sustained upon the Turf. After Cambuscan had been knocked down for the immense price of 5,100 guineas, it became known that he had been bought by a friend of the owner upon his account. Hereupon, Lord St. Vincent and Captain White, as *bond fide* bidders, both claimed the horse, and it is understood that it will be given up to Captain White, to whom Lord St. Vincent seems to have given way. In the Chesterfield Stakes, run for at this same July Meeting at Newmarket, Scottish Chief was again made favourite, and the confidence of his backers was this time rewarded. But at Goodwood, at the end of the same month, Scottish Chief was beaten easily for the Molecombe Stakes by Fille de l'Air. Thus, including his appearance at Ascot, Scottish Chief has been out four times, has won twice, and has been beaten twice; and upon these, as might be thought, moderate credentials, he has been promoted by the public to the head of the list of Derby favourites. Good judges seem to concur that he is a better horse than his performances alone indicate, and he is in Mr. Merry's stable, which fact increases his popularity. Fille de l'Air cannot compete with him in the Derby, but he will have to meet Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris, who, having won at Goodwood both the Findon Stakes and the Nursery Handicap, might reasonably be regarded, after that meeting, as the most promising of the Derby horses. It is curious to observe how, after the Derby of one year is disposed of, attention becomes fixed almost involuntarily upon probable performers in the next. But the two-year-old races at Goodwood, however interesting, ought not to be allowed precedence over that great contest for the Cup between Isoline and La Touques, in which the English and French fillies galloped away from the favourite Buckstone, as well as from other horses older than themselves, just as Tim Whiffier did the year before from The Wizard and everything else opposed to him. It was highly gratifying to find that the famous French filly was so very

good, and still more that England could produce a filly better by just a neck over a course two miles and a half long. The race for the Goodwood Stakes, like many other handicaps, proved rather that the winner had been well-managed than that he was absolutely good. It is certain that Blackdown had performed badly in public, and that the improvement in his form was known only to a select few. Starting under a moderate weight, and at a long price, Blackdown achieved a victory which could scarcely excite much enthusiasm except among those enlightened persons who had backed the horse. Far wider was the interest excited by the race for the Queen's Plate, in which the filly Isoline, who had struggled so gallantly with La Toucques for the Cup, ran another most severe race at weight for age over three and a half miles of ground, with the six-year-old Millionaire, whom we have already met at Hampton, and beat him by a neck. These two performances of Isoline might be safely recommended to the notice of the most severe censor of the modern Turf, but it would not, perhaps, be equally prudent to challenge attention to the running for the Goodwood Stakes. It ought to be added that at this meeting Macaroni showed his quality by giving 10lbs. to two moderately good horses of his year and beating them easily. The Lavant Stakes for two-year-olds fell to Historian, who owes to that victory the place which he now holds in the Derby betting.

There was, as usual, good sport at the York August Meeting, but the weather was unfavourable. This meeting has a special interest for the sake of the light which it usually throws on the chances of the approaching St. Leger. The running of Lord Clifden in the Derby entitled him, in the absence of Macaroni, to the position of first favourite for the great autumn race. But the meeting at Epsom was followed by that of Paris, where The Ranger won the Grand Prix, and Lord Clifden, as was not surprising after his Epsom work, got badly beaten. Hereupon The Ranger came to the head of the St. Leger betting, while all sorts of prices were laid by rash speculators against Lord Clifden. It was known that The Ranger would run at York, and the opportunity of testing the winner of the Grand Prix was not likely to be lost by the Yorkshire stables. The result of The Ranger's two victories at York was to convince the natives that he had no chance against the Whitewall mare, Queen Bertha, and less than none against Lord Clifden; and this opinion was not shaken by the confident bearing of some of The Ranger's early backers, who still kept him in the St. Leger betting at 6 to 1. Neither the performances nor the appearance of The Ranger pleased the Yorkshire critics; but it was admitted that the Derby winner, Macaroni, who came to York to run for the Cup was as nearly as possible the perfection of three-year-old form. Speaking generally, the weights for these Cup races are in favour of the younger horses. Just as Isoline and La Toucques galloped away from Buckstone at Goodwood, so did Macaroni at York beat Carbineer, a horse of established reputation, without difficulty, coming away from him when he pleased, and finishing quite within himself four lengths in front of everything. The two-year-old races at York will be frequently referred to during the winter in connection with speculations on the Derby. For the Convivial Stakes, Claremont was first, Appenine second, and Coast Guard fourth. For the Biennial Stakes, Appenine was second and Prince Arthur third, having Linda before them both. The Gimcrack Stakes fell to Coast Guard. The principal betting race at York is the Great Ebor Handicap, which was won by Golden Pledge, a horse who was backed for the Derby, and after his victory at York took a high place in the St. Leger betting.

The meetings which intervene between York and Doncaster are principally interesting for the fluctuations which occur at them in the positions of the St. Leger favourites. That remarkable incident, the "knocking-out" of Lord Clifden at Warwick, will be often referred to as an example of fallibility in the most industrious and experienced touts. It was reported, by the numerous watchers of Lord Clifden's stable and training-ground, that the horse was amiss, and stopped in his work, whereas the real fact was that his trainer had contrived to find a place and time for exercising him without observation. Reports thus originated, acting upon minds willing to be deceived, created an adverse opinion of the horse which would not be dispelled even by his appearance, looking as well and galloping as strong as possible, upon the course at Doncaster. People who will not believe their own senses are more numerous than might be supposed on race-courses; but the condition of Lord Clifden revealed itself in a moment to the practised eye of the veteran John Scott, who had come upon the course to superintend the exercise of his own St. Leger favourite, Queen Bertha. The Whitewall party considered that their mare held everything in the race except Lord Clifden safe, but beyond this point their confidence could not reasonably rise. The result, as everybody remembers, proved Lord Clifden to be even a better horse than either friends or enemies had supposed. It was a moment of excitement such as comes but seldom in a long career upon the Turf, when all the other horses which started for the St. Leger had disappeared over the hill, while Lord Clifden ascended it alone, and rather slackened his pace as he proceeded. If people refused to believe their eyes when, after this, they saw Lord Clifden coming through everything past the Red House, there was some cause for incredulity. Being allowed to begin quietly and get by degrees into his full length of stride, Lord Clifden went at such a pace towards the finish that nothing except Queen Bertha could live with him at all. It was hoped that Lord Clifden might come out

again for the Doncaster Cup; but, as Macaroni was fresh, the match between them would have been scarcely equal. Queen Bertha, however, ran for the Cup as gamely as she ran for the St. Leger, but she could not keep it from Macaroni. The two principal two-year-old races at Doncaster were, as they always are, highly important with reference to the Derby. The Champagne Stakes were thought to lie between Fille de l'Air and Linda, which nearly amounts to saying that two fillies not entered for the Derby were considered better than anything in it. The two fillies raced against one another as if they had nothing else to fear; but Ely, waiting a little behind, came with a rush at the last, and beat them both. Two days afterwards Fille de l'Air and Ely met again, and this time the French filly was expected to make no mistake. But although she did beat Ely, the pair were beaten both by Coast Guard, first, and Prince Arthur, second, so that they came only third and fourth.

The first of the great autumn handicaps at Newmarket produced one of those results from which the opponents of this class of races derive arguments to prove their utility. The winner of the Cesarewitch, Mr. Merry's four-year-old Lioness, had performed once badly as a three-year-old, and once very badly in the present season. The handicapper, guided by these facts, admitted the mare into the Cesarewitch at 6st. 8lbs., under which weight, as she was known before the race to be very good, it seemed scarcely possible that she could lose. She won the Cesarewitch in rattling style, having next to her Limosina of the same year, carrying 7st. 4lbs. This performance of Limosina was thought good enough to make her winning the Cambridgeshire a certainty, but the mare either had some kind of illness or was used up by the numerous false starts, for she never showed in the race. The winner turned up in Catch-em-Alive, whose day, often promised, came at last. The disappointment of Lord Stamford in regard to Limosina, joined to suspicion that she had been unfairly dealt with before the Cambridgeshire, occasioned a fit of disgust, in which Lord Stamford determined to sell off his stud and quit the Turf. He announced a sale without reserve, and afterwards caused some of the lots to be bought in. It is to be lamented that the racing season of 1863 should have ended with a transaction which has necessarily excited a great deal of adverse comment.

The First October Meeting at Newmarket saw a race won by Ely, who also won a race at the Houghton Meeting. The race for the Clearwell Stakes threw little light upon the Derby. The Criterion Stakes were won by Fille de l'Air, beating, among others, Coast Guard, Prince Arthur, and Ely, who had all beaten her at Doncaster. Thus Fille de l'Air stood, at the end of the season, at the same point which she reached at Goodwood—namely, the highest of the year. Molly Carew, who was talked of in the early part of the season as a match for her, met with an accident, which closed her two-year-old career. The performances upon which the more prominent Derby horses rest their claims to confidence have been briefly stated in this and a former article. It remains for those who feel sufficient interest in the subject to balance those performances against one another, and to decide, if they can, upon the relative merits of Scottish Chief, Cambuscan, Paris, and the bearers of other names with which the public will gradually grow familiar as the day draws near which will make these names in the eyes of Londoners a reality. There is one two-year-old—namely, Blair Athol—whose performances may be described with extreme brevity, because he has never performed at all. The son of Stockwell and Blink Bonny is thus surrounded by a sort of mystery which is not likely to be dispelled by any amount of discussion conducted in utter dearth of facts.

REVIEWS.

JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY.*

THE life of a successful novelist is a hard one. The demand for tales of any kind is so great, and the demand for tales with any merit, and by a known author, is so pressing, that the most unremitting industry can scarcely satisfy it. In a money point of view, this must be very satisfactory to the novelist, although it necessarily makes the articles produced of very varying quality. It is absurd to think that a lady even so clever and fertile as the authoress of *Lady Audley's Secret* can fly like a bee from novel to novel, and always make honey of the first quality. *John Marchmont's Legacy* is not so good as *Eleonor's Victory*. There is more padding in it; there are long descriptions which are mere reminiscences of what comes uppermost to the writer's memory; the plot is singularly confused, and to make out the dates and to bring the events into something like coherence requires almost as much trouble as to understand the Crawley case; and the whole set of persons and things fails to awaken any great interest. Still, as compared with the ordinary run of novels, it is so good, there is so much life in the style, and so much trouble taken to invent new incidents, that it is only by comparison with what the authoress might achieve if she ever allowed herself a quiet fortnight between the composition of two sensation novels that it is open to much criticism. The design of the story is, to say the least, ingenious, and affords room for the introduction of those startling and mysterious events which form

* *John Marchmont's Legacy*. By the Author of "*Lady Audley's Secret*." London: Tinsley Brothers. 1863.

the capital of the school of novelists to which the lady known to the public as Miss Braddon belongs. The theme, as musical people say, is the love of a stepdaughter and a stepmother for the same man, and the criminal plots to which the stepmother lends herself in order that the stepdaughter may be separated from her lover. This gives an opening for such incidents as the imprisonment of a girl secretly married and mistress of eleven thousand a year, for a period of many months, in a boathouse in her own grounds, as well as for such minor stimulants of sensation as a secret birth, the horse-whipping on his own doorstep of a county grandee, the interruption of a marriage at the very crisis of the service by a frantic woman, the burning of his own house (a country palace) by a Sardanapalus of a detected artist, and a frightful smash in an express train. Miss Braddon need not fear that she has struck on the deadly rock of tameness. In one passage she describes the heroine as reading the sort of novels that Miss Braddon, as an accomplished sensation writer, very properly despises—"novels in which young ladies fell in love with curates and didn't marry them; novels in which everybody suffered all manner of misery and rather liked it; novels in which, if the heroine did marry the man she loved, the smallpox swept away her beauty." Miss Braddon's composition is of a much more exciting kind than this, and comes much nearer the description of the sensation novels in PUNCH's Almanacs, as "perfectly delicious; a man marries his grandmother, and fourteen persons are poisoned by a young and beautiful girl." Nobody exactly marries his grandmother in *John Marchmont's Legacy*, but it is not so far off from that, in point of a perfect deliciousness of horrors, when a young stepmother, raging with love, combines with a scoundrelly artist to shut up her stepdaughter away from her husband in a lonely boathouse. As the author of *Guy Livingstone* said, "Honour to whom honour is due. Miss Braddon, of *Lady Audley's Secret*, invented this complication of affairs," and a very pretty complication it is in her hands. It raises in us a general wish that the wicked people should be burnt or go mad, and the good people come together again; and as this is exactly what happens, the reader may be supposed to be satisfied.

Olivia, the raging stepmother, is the character on whom the authoress has bestowed all her care. The other characters are commonplace. The handsome young swell who is the object of her fiendish love, and the timid sensitive girl whom his preference consigns to the boat-house, are both commonplace, and the leading monster is one of those conventional villains on whom the typical hues of all villainy are laid thickly and quickly, in order to save the composer much trouble. Miss Braddon must have been conscious that, at her pace of writing, she could not afford to go into much analysis of character, when, in order to give a rapid notion of the man she wanted to describe, she ventured to knock him off at once by saying that there was about him "mystery" spelt in capitals. This is like saying he was a demon, &c. &c., which would certainly save a world of pains to the writer of sensation novels, and would, perhaps, in nine cases out of ten, give the reader as much information about the bad man as he ever receives. And if a lady who writes as hard as her brain and her fingers will permit gives one character in each novel on the delineation of which real trouble is bestowed, that is, perhaps, as much as the public ought to expect. Olivia is conceived and executed with much originality and force. The conception is that of a woman who, brought up in a dull country place and in a dull country family, sets herself resolutely to do her duty, visits the poor, is out on charitable missions all day in all weathers, obeys and waits on her father, and, while hating her whole way of life, will not give in, but struggles to do her outward duty in all things. She pines for affection, and falls in love with the young military swell, her cousin, and the hero of the tale. When she finds she cannot win his love, her whole nature is poisoned. What is the good of turning for ever in the hard mill of duty, she asks herself, if all the blessings that come so easily to selfish unthinking girls are denied to the stern walker in the narrow path? It is the gradual fall of such a woman that Miss Braddon has set herself to depict, and she has done her task with very creditable success. Especially, the early struggles are well described. Olivia only gives up her conscience by very slow degrees. "She sinned, and then tried to justify herself for her sin"—this sin consisting in persecuting her stepdaughter. She is devoured with jealousy, and the thought is ever burning in her breast, "What is there in Mary's pale, unmeaning face that should win the love of a man who despises me?" And after she has spoken words so cruel to Mary that the poor girl runs away from her at night, she is able to reason with herself that, "Perhaps good may come of my mad folly after all: and I may have saved this girl from a life of misery by the words I have spoken to-night;" as to which reasoning Miss Braddon conjectures that "the devils for ever lying in wait for this woman may have laughed at her as she thus argued with herself." The conflict of emotions when the cousin comes to her in wild distress, and begs of her to let him find his missing wife, is also very vividly portrayed. She is on the point of yielding, but is kept firm by the awful picture her mind conjures up of the pair rushing into each other's arms, and melting in a flood of young happiness. Afterwards there are so many incidents to be crowded into the space that there is not much room for the further development of Olivia's contending feelings, and she is suffered to go off into a state of imbecile melancholy until she is wanted to clear up the plot at the end of the story; but as long as she lasts, although she is as unpleasant a person to read about as could be desired, she is a credit to the lady who invented her.

Miss Braddon's works have always one charm—they are full of artless revelations of personal history and character, and in this field they introduce us to something new. She knows a life which is generally closed to the innocent of her sex, but which is the mere alphabet of existence to her, and yet from the taint of which she is free. The consequence is a strange and amusing mixture of some of the tastes and much of the experience of fast life, with an unaffected love of virtue and appreciation of morality and religion. There is not the slightest reason why this combination should not exist. Countless human beings are, without any fault of their own, exposed to dangerous society, and a fair proportion of the number remain, we will hope, with their native freshness and goodness unspotted. There is no assignable obstacle to the existence of a truly pious billiard-marker; but a truly pious billiard-marker, if he would talk naturally and freely, would have some curious impressions and experiences to reveal. In the same way, Miss Braddon knows theatrical life, and all that theatrical life leads to; and she speaks of it quite artlessly, and without reserve. She knows the ways of fast young men, and has an intimate and sincere appreciation of the army. Other men are well enough in their way, but she doats on a soldier. Of swells in general, and military swells in particular, she remarks:—"Those beautiful useless creatures call upon us to rejoice in their valueless beauty, like the flaunting poppies in the corn-field, and the gaudy wildflowers in the grass." And evidently it is only reflection and the lessons of after life that have enabled her to realise that officers are mere flaunting poppies. She kindles with the excitement of describing her hero, and cannot resist the delight of showing how accurately she can draw him. She even knows the chronology of officers' trousers:—"From the waving grace of his hair to the tip of his polished boot peeping out of his well-cut trouser (there were no pegtops in 1847, and it was *le genre* to show very little of the boot), he was a creature to be wondered at." The heroine found it impossible not to admire "the cut of his coat, the easy nonchalance of his manner, the waxed ends of his curved moustache, the dangling toys of gold and enamel that jingled at his watch-chain, the waves of perfume that floated away from his cambric handkerchief." The authoress evidently has a feeling that this, if any, is the sort of being for whom it is worth while to imperil your soul by shutting up your stepdaughter in a boathouse. But she never trifles with right and wrong, and is at pains to explain that the darling creature was as good and as pure as he was lovely and elegant. And she constantly combines her knowledge of what is dangerous to young unprotected girls in this life with the better thoughts of her maturer heart. When the monster of the story is going to kill himself by burning down the house in which he is passing the night, she describes the horrors he suffered, and the despair in which his want of religion, as well as his sense of hopelessness in this life, combined to plunge him. He had jested in his day, but he found little comfort in jesting now. As the authoress puts it—"Atheism is a very pleasant theme after a lobster supper and unlimited champagne," but will not do on the eve of death. There is something attractive and impressive in finding sincerely religious sentiments coming from a lady to whom it is natural to write of atheistical discussions after unlimited champagne. If there was anything forced in either the sentiments or the reminiscences, we should be revolted, but both come in with a frank carelessness which disarms suspicion. At the same time, the authoress appears to us to be inclined to scold her own characters too freely on Christian principles. It is a great mistake when novelists sermonize too much, and a still greater mistake when their sermonizing does not carry immediate assent with it. There are passages in *John Marchmont's Legacy* where there is too much sermonizing, and of a questionable sort. One point on which the authoress twice stops the story to dilate is the want of faith and trust shown by the father of the girlish heroine in marrying a second time, in order to have a protectress for his daughter. He is severely rebuked for this by Miss Braddon, who made him and his faults, because he did not put his whole trust in Heaven, and leave a girl of thirteen to look out for herself. The wretched man, if he had ever existed, might have replied that he did his best—that he selected a lady of high character and reputation for his second wife, and that this seemed to him the best way of securing for a totally friendless girl the guardianship of a person of her own station. The authoress knew that this second wife was going to turn out badly, but no one else dreamt of it; and if Olivia had been what she seemed, John Marchmont could scarcely have done better for his little girl.

This reprobation of her own characters leads us to speak of the principal failing we have to complain of in this last novel of Miss Braddon's. It is a trick of minor writers which she ought to be much above. We cannot say who was the original inventor of the device, but most readers will remember that no device is more frequent, in third-rate novels, than to suppose that the writer has a personal knowledge of the story as true, and gives us the independent commentary which a real person contemplating the scenes and characters described might furnish. It is one of the penalties of writing in haste that Miss Braddon should have been induced to play off so transparent and silly a trick. "I scarcely know," she writes, "why John Marchmont lingered by Miss Arundel's chair." "I fear the frail consumptive widower loved his child with an intensity of affection that is scarcely reconcilable with Christianity." "I think Olivia might have felt very much like a prisoner in the Bastille." Miss Braddon is much too clever

to make it necessary to explain to her at length why this trick is a silly one. It is so obvious a trick that it destroys all the illusion of the story, for it immediately compels us to remember that all the characters are her puppets, and that it is absurd she should about out with surprise when they obey the strings she pulls. Small writers have supposed that it lends a reality for the narrator to wonder in this way at his own narrative, but the example of great writers might assure Miss Braddon that a novelist who keeps on saying "this is not a novel" only provokes a keener sense of unreality. This, and the tendency to add up all she knows on a subject in order to fill space, are the two worst faults we can find in *John Marchmont's Legacy*. Sometimes the authoress carries these catalogues beyond the limits that are pardonable even in the most hurried of sensation-novel writers. When, for instance, the villain is going to kill himself, we are told that—

Every superstition that has ever disturbed the soul of ignorant man lent some one awful feature to the crowd of hideous images uprising in this man's mind. Awful Chaldean gods and Carthaginian goddesses thirsting for the hot blood of human sacrifices, greedy for hecatombs of children flung shrieking into fiery furnaces, or torn limb from limb by savage beasts; Babylonian abominations; Egyptian Isis or Osiris; classical divinities with flaming swords and pale, impassable faces, rigid as the destiny whose type they were; ghastly Germanic demons and witches—all the dread avengers that man, in the knowledge of his own wickedness, has ever shadowed for himself out of the darkness of his ignorant mind, swelled that ghastly crowd until the artist's brain reeled, and he was fain to sit with his head in his hands, trying, by a great effort of the will, to exorcise these loathsome phantoms.

This is absurd; and no one will recognise its absurdity sooner than the lady who wrote it. It is piling it on a little too strong when, in order to describe how an artist's brain reeled, we have this irrelevant catalogue of horrors enumerated. We do not ask for much. We like a clever, successful, spirited woman to make hay while the sun shines, and to finish off the greatest possible number of marketable novels in the least possible time. But such padding as this, and such foolish tricks as the intrusion of the person of the novelist, are beyond what we can pardon in Miss Braddon. The little room that is really filled in this way might so easily be filled up by one more incident. The man who marries his grandmother might simply find that he is thereby disappointing his great uncle, who commits suicide; and the same amount of pages would be made up in a natural and easy way.

KIRK'S HISTORY OF CHARLES THE BOLD.

THE history and the historical records of the Netherlands seem to have a peculiar attraction for American writers. The fortunes of those provinces are made the centre of interest in the accounts which Mr. Prescott and Mr. Motley have given of the great events which contributed so largely to the constitution of modern Europe; and it is to the systematic and diligent zeal of these writers in exploring the new sources of information about the Low Countries opened of late years, especially in Belgium, that much of the freshness and value of their works are owing. Mr. Kirk was a fellow-student of history with Mr. Prescott, and he, too, takes a subject of which, though it extends beyond the history of the Netherlands, that history is the foundation and the most important element. The House of Burgundy was a French house, with great French possessions; but its power and importance arose from its connexion with the Netherlands, from its having ruled at Bruges and Brussels, and from its having been able to unite under one sway all the lordships and all the centres of industry and trade from Artois to Zealand. Mr. Kirk works in the same cycle of history as his two countrymen. He goes back into the period which prepared for the events which they relate. He describes the formation of that rich and splendid dominion, founded, but only for the profit of a foreign line, by the Dukes of Burgundy, of which Mr. Prescott describes the fate under the House of Austria, and Mr. Motley the break-up and dissolution.

Mr. Kirk has produced a work which is quite entitled to take rank with the writings of his two predecessors, with whom he has, both in his merits and his faults, a certain family resemblance. He has studied his subject, not only with patient industry, but with that strong sense of its pre-eminent interest and importance which seems almost disproportionate to a bystander, but which helps him to see and understand much that an equally learned but less enthusiastic student might have overlooked. His extensive and minute knowledge is the learning of a man of vigorous thought, accustomed to bring his mind to consider men and things, not merely as they have been written about, but as they actually were, in the variety and complexity of their real existence. With such characters to deal with as Louis XI. and Charles the Bold, and with such a subtle master of the moral aspects of the time as Commines for his guide, Mr. Kirk has ample materials for the most remarkable pictures; and he shows himself competent to handle them. His conceptions of men are clear, discriminating, and well-sustained. When he is most disposed to generalize, he remembers, and allows himself to be checked by, facts at variance with the main effect of his judgment; and combinations and contrasts of qualities which do not ordinarily go together keep a character before us which sets no one but the person spoken of. Moreover, he pictures to himself the men in the scenes amid which they moved, and subject to the ideas and customs by which they were ruled. His imagination is active and impressive; it readily

extracts from the monuments of past days the materials of lively delineations, and reproduces them in a shape which, in its completeness, its choice of important features, and its intelligible explanation of causes and motives, satisfies modern requirements as to the way in which a story should be told. Mr. Kirk, in his preface, modestly speaks of his work as if it only professed to be "an accurate and intelligent arrangement of the results of recent critical inquiry"—a "symmetrical narrative" of all that has been gained, not only from chronicles and histories, but from "memoirs and documents scattered among the publications of Royal Commissions and learned societies, written in various and often obscure dialects, and requiring for their comprehension a previous familiarity with details"; and from such a work, he says, "no one expects the artistic harmony, the unity and completeness, the agreement of form and substance, which give their highest charm to the products of pure imagination." But in this account of his work, and the implied disclaimer of the highest historical aim, Mr. Kirk scarcely gives a just representation either of what he has done or of what he has attempted to do. It is quite an understatement to say that his work is a mere bringing together, in convenient order, of dispersed or not easily accessible materials. The book shows that he has made a greater effort, and sought to realize a much higher ideal of historic art. On the other hand, it was a higher ideal than, as it seems to us, he has succeeded in realizing.

Mr. Kirk aims at writing with force and energy. He has felt the spell of Michelet and Mr. Carlyle, and, though his manner of composition is his own, he is of their way of thinking as to the way in which history should be written. He often says what he wants to say with great power, aptness, and effect; but the style which he has fallen into is hardly, on the whole, a successful one. It is rhetorical and diffuse; vigorous, careful, and not without eloquence, where the occasion calls forth the writer's strength; with a rough and unstudied directness when his feelings are touched, but, in the ordinary texture of the book, falling into verbiage, and a strained and declamatory prolixity. A style so florid, and pitched so high, requires a taste, precision, and accuracy which Mr. Kirk has not attained to. Perhaps, in an American writer, we have no right to complain of words which American judgment may have sanctioned; but such forms as "dampened," "to offset," "to liquidize," "to berate," "interlying," "eliminative" (with a very doubtful meaning), and "recuperative"—though for some of them analogy and authority (hardly necessity) may be pleaded—have an odd sound in a book of scholarly pretensions; and, for different reasons, his repeated recourse to "ovations" and "proclivities" has a still more unpleasant effect. Mr. Kirk's metaphors are apt to be intricate and far-fetched. We admit the license of historical irony, in which Mr. Kirk is fond of indulging, but we do not see what is gained by calling explorers of records "official mousers," or by presenting a Duke of Lorraine, when tempted to court the heiress of Burgundy, as a "less desirable gudgeon." And, as the jest is his own, we must say it is a rather clumsy one, when, speaking of the Emperor Frederick's shabby slinking away from his meeting with Charles, he tells us that "the vessel which bore Caesar and his mis-fortunes floated down" the Moselle. A writer, too, who seeks to give force and effect to his direct statements by boldly and broadly touching, as he passes, a point lying out of his way, which shows the largeness of his knowledge or the vividness of his impressions, ought to remember that the whole effect of such touches depends on their accuracy, and that blunders are especially dangerous where a rhetorical hit is to be made. In a work which deals largely in allusions and general statements, our trust in the writer is disturbed by being told that "Cîteaux was the head of the great Carthusian order"; that a resident in Paris "watched the transport down the Seine of provisions brought to the capital from the adjacent parts of Normandy"; and that a certain learned writer had "apparently forgotten the 'non Angli sed angeli' of Pope Gregory VII." We are also perplexed when we find him speaking of three different places "forming the vertices of an equilateral triangle"; when he translates the old French "*mal-talent*" "*maladroitness*"; and when we find "the furious element pursuing the terror-stricken fugitives 'as if with talons'" given as the version of "*le feu suivait les gens aux talons*" (at their heels) "*de tous costés*."

In spite of these blemishes and slips, and of a still deeper defect—the want of skill and power to control, condense, and proportion the materials for a large work—Mr. Kirk has unfolded to us, in increased light and interest, a very important period. His strength lies in bringing out the subtle play of opposite characters; and, next, in setting before us very distinctly and forcibly the course of a definite transaction. As long as the story runs along among the scenes and catastrophes of the struggle, we follow readily, and with interest. But, unfortunately as it seems to us, Mr. Kirk was not content with telling a story—with giving a narrative of events, and their immediate causes, connexions, and results. His conception of his work seems too large for the subject of it—larger than the subject itself is calculated to support, and certainly larger than what, in fact, he gets out of his subject. He views the struggle between Charles and Louis as a great political crisis, involving great conflicts and changes of political ideas, and displacements of political power. It was the "last struggle which feudalism maintained with royalty—with the principles which were to form the basis of civil government and national unity during the three succeeding centuries." This manner of thinking about it gives breadth and philosophical dignity to a writer's view of a series of transactions; but

* *History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.* By John Foster Kirk. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1863.

it is an unsatisfactory generalization at the best, though others besides Mr. Kirk, especially the French school, have adopted it; and it has the effect of distorting the plan of his work, by making him think that so great a revolution requires to be treated on a corresponding scale, and by misleading him as to the true import and bearing of his story. Except in some arbitrary interpretation of the term, feudalism survived both Charles and Louis, to be both the support and the danger of the French Crown. The feudalism of the fifteenth century was not the feudalism of the thirteenth; but Louis, as well as Charles, was a representative of feudalism, and depended on the ideas, the institutions, and the obligations of feudalism for his strength as King of France. Nor was Louis the first feudal king who encountered force with craft, and attempted to impose the curb of legal reason and administrative skill upon the violence and self-will of military nobles. Louis, in his notions of policy and methods of government, was doubtless an innovator. He aimed at centralizing, he saw the importance of finance, he attempted the beginning of a standing army—but so did Charles. That Charles tried to break loose from his allegiance to the French Crown, and create a new kingdom out of his many lordships, was not because he was imbued with the spirit of feudalism and wanted to maintain it against other tendencies, but because he was an ambitious and aspiring prince. The real interest of the story is not one of principles, but of persons. It is the contrast, not between the efforts and plans of obstinate but failing feudalism and those of aggressive and victorious royalty, but between the policy and achievements of an impetuous and violent soldier and those of a far-sighted and patient politician; and it is in this point of view that Mr. Kirk finds himself, in fact, obliged to treat his subject. He certainly succeeds in putting the two men before us in the clearest light and sharpest opposition; and, though he takes a good deal of space for what he wants to do, the result is in the end powerful and striking. But on the opposition and struggle of principles, social or political, we do not see that he throws any light whatever. It was by his personal qualities and his singular good fortune that Louis came off the conqueror, and the result of his victory was the consolidation of the monarchy, and the addition to it of provinces which had been fiefs. But Mr. Kirk fails to show us with any sufficient distinctness what the qualities or the fortune of either Charles or Louis had to do with the reaction, the last struggles, and the defeat of feudalism. Except so far as we vaguely suppose that we see the violent temper of feudalism in the one and the more astute temper of modern government in the other, the treatment of the history as a contest between feudalism and royalty is misleading.

The course of the history, indeed, as it is actually presented to us, and Mr. Kirk's keen and truthful appreciation of real facts as they occurred, correct this misapprehension. But the supposed necessity of viewing the subject in a philosophical way, of pointing out its more general and its less obvious bearings, of putting it into its true place among the great experiences of European history, and using it to test or to illustrate social and political theories, have led Mr. Kirk into a great deal of writing, the lengthiness of which is not compensated by any adequate amount of new and instructive reflection. He is acute, observant, and thoughtful; but it requires more than this to sustain the reader's interest through digressions and disquisitions, suggested it may be by the story, but not wanted to explain it, and interrupting it where perhaps its continuous course furnishes the best explanation of it. It requires something very original, very profound, very comprehensive and lucid, to reconcile us to a pause in the struggle between Charles and Louis, that we may review generally the political tendencies of the middle ages, the origin of monarchy in modern Europe, and the true way of judging of the influence of standing armies in constitutional governments. That Lord Macaulay was able successfully to interweave such discussions into his history is no reason why every other clever historian should emulate him; and when such discussion is not only not necessary, but irrelevant, the reader has a greater grievance. No doubt a history of Charles and Louis must touch on contemporary English politics; but we do not see that half a chapter on the Wars of the Roses is therefore in place. Nor is the digression the less wearisome because it gives Mr. Kirk an opportunity to lay down some general axioms about English history, such as that it has, "from all ages down to the present time, exhibited a continual series of revolutions," to remark on the inferiority of English historical records of this period to foreign ones of the same age, to tell us that the "guide posts of English history" at this time are mostly false, and to suggest that the first step towards a real knowledge of it should perhaps be "to throw the so-called English chroniclers out of window."

Mr. Kirk, who has no sympathy with what he supposes Charles's cause, has the same sort of admiration for Charles's character and life which Republicans out of Europe are said to have felt for the Emperor Nicholas. Charles, like the Czar, was the representative of an indefensible and doomed system; but he represented it grandly. The system was a frightful one—selfish, cruel, insolently regardless of the good of man, of all the rights and moralities and sanctities of human life; and he did not shrink from carrying out the system. But he had virtues which even ambition, injustice, pride, and barbarity could not obscure. Mr. Kirk tells at full length, and as it never was told before in English, the piteous tale of Dinant and the great city of Liège, destroyed from off the face of the earth after the fashion of Eastern conquerors, to assuage the wrath of Charles. He transcribes in full the speech of Charles to the Estates of Flanders, unmatched perhaps, among the insolent words

of princes, for its audacious and overbearing defiance of acknowledged rights. He goes fully into all Charles's schemes for making his daughter the price of arrangements which should open to him the path to the Imperial throne. Yet Mr. Kirk's imagination can hardly resist the fascination of Charles's strength of soul and loftiness of purpose. In an age and a country of unbridled profligacy, he was sternly self-commanding. Terrible in his vengeance, he was rigorously just in the ordinary administration of law, and an exception to all the soldiers of his day in his inexorable severity of discipline, and in his care for the protection of women; and, great as were his designs, they never tempted him to betray an ally, though he may have refused to be bound by an engagement to a treacherous enemy. Steadfast, resolute, serious, proud beyond the measure of man, unscrupulous, but not a dissembler—with no great compass of thought, but clear and direct in his views and plans—irritable, melancholy, overshadowed by a presentiment of an early end to his glory, and one which in its bitterness and shame should avenge the blood shed at Dinant and Liège—he has as his contrast and foil the wily, mocking, even-tempered Louis, accepting failure and mortification with laughing resignation, never from idle self-respect struggling vainly against inevitable humiliation, but astonishing the world by the vivacity, the self-possession, the completeness with which he went through with it. In the King we have a tentative and experimental schemer, inexhaustible in expedients, delighting in the mere exercise and amusement of overreaching and entrapping, and rapidly, almost from sheer restlessness and fertility of imagination, exchanging one device and train of policy for another; but all the while—amid all this outward show of instability, of indifference to appearances and custom, of cynical amusement, of gay and light-hearted volubility, of insensibility to a shame which would have broken the spirit of any other prince—he is devoted inwardly, with immovable purpose, to one great political end, to which many different roads might lead and might have to be tried—the making himself master in France; the first and indispensable step to which was the ruin of the Duke of Burgundy.

The present volumes only go down to the beginning of the Swiss war. This is the part of the story on which Mr. Kirk demands an entire reversal of the ordinary judgment against Charles. The overthrow of his ambition by Swiss patriotism and valour is one of the commonplaces of history. Mr. Kirk undertakes to make out that Charles was absolutely innocent of any wrongs to the Confederacy, and that the quarrel of which Morat and Granson were the end was the sole result of the matchless craft of Louis to destroy him. Ordinary history has done Louis injustice, and not given to the artist the full glory of his great stroke of genius; and Mr. Kirk delights in the opportunity of repairing the injustice. The Swiss were the unprovoked, the treacherous aggressors; and they quarrelled with their old and staunchest friend, they gave up their old policy of isolation, to enter into a league against Burgundy, as the mercenaries of Louis. There is absolutely no trace, Mr. Kirk maintains, of any the most distant design on Charles's part against Swiss independence or Swiss rights. There is, he contends, the most abundant proof of the intrigues of Louis to reconcile Sigismund of Austria to his old enemies the Swiss Confederacy, and there is clear evidence of the way in which the Swiss agents of Louis employed his representations, his promises, and his money to induce the Cantons to join in an alliance which, when once formed, was immediately put in motion against the unsuspecting and unoffending Duke of Burgundy. Mr. Kirk makes out a strong case, but it is manifestly an *ex parte* case. He certainly puts out of sight all that the world at that day saw and thought of Charles's policy. On Mr. Kirk's own showing, Charles, when the Powers of the Upper Rhine declared against him, was preparing on the Lower Rhine, in the Electorate of Cologne, a basis for establishing his power on the river. Again, the Burgundian rule in Alsace, under Peter Von Hagenbach, was what stirred and quickened the fear and hatred of his Swiss and German neighbours. Mr. Kirk thinks Hagenbach's atrocities exaggerated. This is possible; but, if they are to be disbelieved because Hagenbach made many enemies, the worst men have a great advantage given them in history. Mr. Kirk has opened an extremely important view of the events which led to the downfall of Charles, but his account has strong internal improbabilities, and his chain of evidence is by no means complete or conclusive. A judgment on the question as well-informed as his, but more impartial and comprehensive, is needed before the view which he sets before us of Charles's entire innocence, and of the flagrant corruption and baseness of the Swiss Confederacy, can be accepted.

OLD NEW ZEALAND.*

THE vein of rather foolish jocosity which runs through this little volume detracts but slightly from its interest, as a sketch of the sort of difficulties which beset the first settlers in a completely savage country, and of the curious confusion to which the intercourse of barbarism and civilization must, for a time at least, necessarily give rise. The author's residence in New Zealand began at a period long antecedent to the establishment of any regular European community. Governors and bishops, taxes and soldiers, public works and land registries, as yet existed only in the imagination of some enterprising immigrant, who discerned

* *Old New Zealand; being Incidents of Native Customs and Character in the Old Times.* By a Pakeha Maori. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1863.

amid present perils and difficulties the possibility of future grandeur, and, meanwhile, purchased a precarious safety from his neighbours by a good-natured compliance with various quaint customs, and by submitting occasionally to a good deal of semi-legal extortion. Foreigners, however, and especially Englishmen, were for the most part welcome, for the original New Zealanders were engaged in a sort of life-and-death struggle as to which of them should first be provided with fire-arms. The introduction of muskets was rapidly revolutionizing the traditional methods of insular warfare, and the tribe which was quickest in securing the precious weapon held its neighbours in terror of momentary extermination. Guns and powder, accordingly, were the two great prizes of existence, and it was through Englishmen that these were principally to be obtained. English traders were, of course, not slow to observe the opportunity for a profitable bargain; and the excessive mortality which at one time threatened the aborigines with extermination seems to have arisen in no small degree from the toil and privations necessitated by the rigorous terms which the vendors were able to exact. The price of a rifle was generally a ton of prepared flax, and vessels from Australia used to go round the island, calling at various stations, to effect this lucrative exchange. The natives, on the other hand, not daring to refuse compliance, were forced to neglect the crops upon which they ordinarily depended for subsistence, and were thus less than ever able to bear up against exertions for which their previous life had little fitted them. Another reason of their decline in numbers was the change of residence to which the new mode of warfare ultimately led. The hill-forts, though safe enough against such attacks as mere savages could contrive, were comparatively defenceless against fire-arms, and were gradually abandoned for positions in the low country of greater general convenience. The hut in which a New Zealander lived healthily enough on a mountain side became simply pestilential when erected in a hot, swampy plain; the islanders had no idea of drainage, and the fires with which they tried to guard against the chill had merely the effect of increasing the unhealthy exhalations of the soil. Frequently, the author says, he has crept into cabins where the wet floor yielded like a sponge beneath the pressure of his hands and feet, and has found the inmates crouching over the fire, unconscious of the certain doom which was soon to fall upon them. Whole families appear to have been thus swept away before the native mind could grasp the idea of any other sanitary appliances than those with which immemorial custom had rendered them familiar—a curious example of the perils attendant upon the passage from barbarism to civilization, and of the cost of life at which such transitions are almost inevitably effected.

Among the survivors the change of manners and customs has been very extensive. "The Maori of the present day," says the author, "are as unlike what they were when I first saw them, as they are still unlike a civilized people or British subjects." One of the first difficulties with which a settler had to contend was the sort of semi-barbarous uncertainty which still affected the occupation of land, and even, to a certain extent, the right to any sort of property. The soil was subject to an infinity of "charges," of different extent and authenticity, but all more or less sanctioned by public opinion, and sufficiently valid to render a good title almost unattainable. When the author came to purchase, he found himself beset by a host of claimants, all of whom demanded compensation. Some of these took their stand on mythical ground, and appealed to a primeval ancestor, in the shape of a huge lizard living in a cave, as the first authoritative proprietor of the soil. Others declared that their forefathers had killed off the original owners; others, again, that these invaders had in their turn succumbed to a later series of conquerors, from whom a fresh title was derived. Then there were various subsidiary "latent equities," all of which had to be examined and satisfied. One man asserted a traditional privilege of rat-catching over the estate; another demanded a fee, inasmuch as his ancestor had been murdered upon it; while half the tribe came for payments in respect of an ancient burying-ground, disused for two centuries, in which, so said tradition, the bones of various remote relatives had once upon a time reposed. Here was a formidable task for an amateur conveyancer. Three months' negotiations, however, sufficed to bring the matter to a close; and the author, in return for his purchase-money in the shape of a pile of muskets, blankets, tomahawks, tobacco, spades, &c., received a very dirty document, in which the conflicting interests of the various claimants were stated to have been satisfactorily adjusted, and the title of the new proprietor was placed beyond the possibility of cavil.

In addition to these perplexing incidents of land tenure, there were two grand institutions which exerted enormous influence over the ancient structure of Maori society, and without which its peculiarities would have been entirely unintelligible. Both of them affected rights of possession, and both were more or less connected, the author suggests, with the eager craving after property, and the exaggerated importance attached to its acquirement, which for the last hundred years had characterized every class of New Zealanders. The first was called "Muru," and consisted in a legalized system of plundering individuals by way of penalty for certain offences or semi-criminal misfortunes. It was, perhaps, the rudest method of exacting damages which ever found its way into a country's laws. If a man had his child burnt, or his canoe upset, or committed some unintentional irreverence against the hereditary burying-ground, his neighbours forthwith proceeded to plunder his house and goods—he meanwhile contentedly acquiescing, from the

reflection that his turn for pillaging some one else would by-and-by arrive, and that attempted resistance would merely sink him in popular estimation. The extent to which these reciprocal plunderings were carried on infected all ownership with a pleasing uncertainty, as the very essence of the system was to punish unintentional offences. Its working was sometimes curious enough. A wilful and deliberate murder, for instance, would in most cases be either a meritorious act or a matter of mere indifference, with which the law would not interfere; but accidental homicide fell within the scope of "muru," and involved the sudden dispersion of all the offender's worldly possessions among the self-constituted supporters of social order. The vigilance of these unprofessional distrainers was, of course, very much intensified in the case of such of their fellow-tribesmen as were exceptionally wealthy. The proprietor of an axe, or spade, or even a canoe, was closely watched in hopes of his committing some act which would justify the "muru" being brought to bear upon him; and one effect of the system was, according to the author, to render simple unexcused robbery a much rarer occurrence than in other and more civilized communities, where ownership is exposed to no such troublesome vicissitudes, and its claims are consequently less impressed on the popular understanding.

The other great institution was the "Tapu"—a sort of sacred character attaching to the person of a chieftain, and affecting all his movable possessions, especially clothes, weapons, ornaments, and other tangible objects. A chief's chattels enjoyed, accordingly, complete immunity from theft. Tapu was superstitiously observed, and its violation, even though involuntary, was supposed to be attended by the most awful results, in which the terrified imagination of the offender often supplied the place of all other punishment. The author gives one curious example from his own experience. A grand chief, whose ordinary personal tapu was enhanced by the exceptional sanctity of a warlike expedition, halted in the woods to dine, and, as good manners dictated, left two-thirds of the repast unconsumed. One of the slaves who were carrying baggage came up later in the day, and proceeded unwittingly to devour the abandoned delicacies. Upon being informed of his offence, he was seized with cramp and convulsions, the result apparently of the shock attendant upon so horrible a discovery, and gradually sank in the course of the same day. Much as the tapu added to the chief's prestige, its inconveniences were, as may be imagined, not inconsiderable. Anything which a person invested with tapu touched became at once his own, and he either broke it on the spot or appropriated it for future use. A chief could not carry provisions, nor light a fire for cooking; nor, indeed, could any one venture to cook from a fire which a hand endued with tapu had been concerned in lighting. This was naturally troublesome on expeditions. Sometimes the dinner could not be cooked, sometimes it had to be left behind. If a chief asked for drink, it was necessary, in order that he should use no vessel, that he should kneel down, turn his mouth upward, and form his hands into a funnel, through which the desired fluid was allowed to pass. There was, moreover, another form of tapu which corresponded very nearly with the ceremonial uncleanness of the Jews. It arose from any contact with a dead body, except, we must presume, that implied in occasional mastication. The burier of the dead among the New Zealanders was a social outcast of the most hopeless order. He could not enter a human habitation, nor even touch the food on which he lived. He squatted outside the village, in complete isolation, and twice a-day had food thrown upon the ground, in order that he might kneel down and gnaw it as best he could. The author once became the victim of this kind of tapu, and for several days, in consequence of having touched a skull, was deserted by his servants, shunned by his friends, and excluded from all social privileges. Nothing but a very elaborate process of lustration sufficed to restore his endangered purity. A room which he had incurably infected by residence during his period of uncleanness had to be destroyed; and for years afterwards the more scrupulous of the inhabitants regarded him with the distrustful awe due to so tremendous an infraction of the ceremonial code.

The customs of the country assigned every stranger to the especial patronage of a chief, and the guardian to whose lot the author fell was an excellent specimen of his class. He enjoyed the reputation of a first-rate fighter, and had served against a European force on the occasion of the death of Marion, the French circumnavigator. From this fight he had carried away a great deal of renown, with a substantial booty in the shape of a Frenchman's legs and thighs, which were devoured with much gusto in his family circle. His face was covered with tattooing, and his body with scars. His eye, usually dull, used, when he talked of his past exploits, literally to flash with excitement. He was not altogether ferocious, but his tender mercies were of a strictly masculine order. No form of physical suffering or death affected him with the least regret. A young clansman, for instance, had the misfortune to blow himself up, and was lying in the act of death. The chief, his relation, vexed at the needless loss of a fighting man, found nothing tenderer to say than, "It serves you right! There you lie, looking very like a burnt stick! It serves you right! A burnt stick! It serves you right!" Upon the whole, however, the author found him a trusty friend, and he gives a spirited account of the last hours of the old man, and of his final exhortation to the tribe who had collected about the departing warrior's death-bed. His last words, we are told, "How sweet is man's flesh," were treasured up as an appropriate death-bed

utteran
were h
atteste
of those
time, h
refined

THE
fin
down t
the fir
rience
our ow
meets
the fac
ingly
mount
contin
chants
Why
respec
Two
things
Wilbe
in M
volum
ideals
agree
mode
The l
barga
a doz
write
the b
In
denia
a few
custo
gladly
too m
Wilke
might
"cel
his c
Life
man,
quad
mak
so h
will
a
cyni
Bern
not
to t
prac
the
to s
are
ridic
pose
occu
alm
the
with
can
car
emp
him
who
hea
rou
cou
at
not
adv
bla
the
mi
the
duc
"Y
Ge
the
of
sus
to
hip

Al
Ho

utterance; and two of his four wives, who hanged themselves, or were hanged, in the course of the ensuing night, satisfactorily attested the conjugal excellences of their lord, and the rude vigour of those domestic affections which will, we may hope, in course of time, become the basis of a civilization more pure, merciful, and refined than the present rugged virtues of the Maori chieftains.

SOCIAL LIFE IN GERMANY.*

THE phenomenon noticed by Sterne's Sentimental Traveller on first landing on the shore of France, that all the inhabitants, down to the very children in the streets, spoke French, does not at the first glance appear very surprising. Yet a similar experience causes unceasing astonishment to many British travellers of our own day. They frequently fail to surmount the difficulty which meets them on the very threshold of the Continent, consisting in the fact that the manners and customs of foreigners are so astonishingly foreign. Why cannot Frenchmen wear hats such as surmount the crests of decent Englishmen? Why will Spaniards continue to like the flavour of garlic? Why will Belgian merchants wear those absurd blouses in their counting-houses? Why must Germans be Germans, and why cannot they be respectable, church-going, tobacco-abhorring British citizens? Two exemplifications of this fine patriotic way of looking at things lie before us at the present moment. Both Mr. Edward Wilberforce, the author of a very able volume on *Social Life in Munich*, and Mr. Henry Mayhew, the compiler of two volumes on *German Life and Manners in Saxony*, are, in this sense, ideals of the British tourist. The former is a very pleasant and agreeable writer, whose opinion is worth hearing on the subject of modern art, which largely enters into the matter of his discourse. The latter is an unwearied collector of facts, and throws into the bargain a few hundred pages of indifferently-told legends, and a dozen or so of roughly-translated students' songs. The two writers resemble one another only in their *commune odium* of the benighted German people.

In order to make good our charge against a writer of the undeniable intelligence and ability of Mr. Wilberforce, we will give a few instances in which he vents his spleen on certain national customs at Munich which more experienced travellers would gladly accept as they find them, without vexing their souls by too much *carre de minimis*. We may, in passing, observe that Mr. Wilberforce, who generally writes freshly and originally enough, might have spared himself and his readers the introduction of the "celebrated story of the camel" as a flourish wherewith to herald his chapter on "Manners and Customs." Since Mr. Lewes (in his *Life of Goethe*) first cited the different procedures of the Frenchman, Englishman, and German in giving an account of that quadruped, the camel has been used with sufficient frequency to make Lord Macaulay's New Zealander tremble at the success of so hardy a rival. And as we are on the subject of quotations, we will just venture to hint a doubt as to the dramatic probability of a "noble of Rome," who favoured Mr. Wilberforce with some cynical remarks at a Munich ball, illustrating one of them by "the Bermuda lady in Captain Marryat, who came to dance, and not to jabber." One of Mr. Wilberforce's first objections is to the Bavarian officers wearing their uniform off duty. This practice, prevalent everywhere except in this country, is, to say the least, a harmless one. But it rouses Mr. Wilberforce's bile to see officers in uniform "driving themselves," which practice, we are somewhat unaccountably told, "in Munich is carried to a most ridiculous extent, by the want of carriages adapted for that purpose." After seeing an officer driving on the box, with his servant occupying the body of the carriage, Mr. Wilberforce "can tolerate almost anything." But he cannot tolerate soldiers marching to the beat of the drum, and demands "why cannot men walk without such a senseless row going on in front of them?" He cannot bear "to see a footman helping his mistress out of her carriage, with one hand on the carriage-door and the other employed in holding his hat by his side." We may agree with him that the action is "unpractical," but cannot pause to consider whether it is "servile" in a footman; and as to "its effect on the health in such a climate," a Bavarian traveller in England might round a retort by the calves of the coachman of many an English countess, exposed to the night air in Piccadilly. He is wroth at the Munichers for taking off their hats to Royalty, and not merely raising them, "as is done in countries of more advanced civilization." He thinks Court-mourning "silly black;" he quarrels through two or three sentences with the size of German latch-keys; he cannot eat lamb without mint-sauce, like the benighted Bavarians; and he chafes at the watered character of the milk at Munich, forgetful of the produce of London dairies. As for another innocent article, he declares, "You can buy better German toys in England than you can in Germany, and you pay less for the good ones in England than for the bad ones in Germany." Not being familiar with the price-list of the Messrs. Cremer, we cannot gainsay this statement, but we suspect that the particle "you" must be limited in its application to the travelling Briton, who certainly has a knack of paying the highest prices for the worst articles procurable at the money.

* *Social Life in Munich*. By Edward Wilberforce. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1863.

German Life and Manners, as seen in Saxony at the Present Day. By Henry Mayhew. 2 vols. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1864.

Some of Mr. Wilberforce's minor objections to Bavarian "social life" we admit to be far from unfounded. The slowness of railway travelling in Bavaria forms a just cause for complaint, especially when complaint is tempered by a recognition of the counter-advantage of security:—

In England the guard is content to be the servant of the train; in Germany he is in command of the passengers. "When is the train going on?" asked an Englishman once of a foreign guard. "Whenever I choose," was the answer. To judge from the delays the trains make at some of the stations, one would suppose that the guard had uncontrolled power of causing stoppages. You see him chatting with the station-master for several minutes after all the carriages have been shut up, and at last, when the topics of conversation are exhausted, he gives a condescending whistle to the engine-driver. Time seems never to be considered by either guards or passengers. Bavarians always go to the station half-an-hour before the train is due, and their indifference to delay is so well known that the directors can put on their time-book, "As the time of departure from small stations cannot be guaranteed, the travellers must be there twenty-five minutes beforehand."

Mr. Wilberforce should not have omitted to mention the main cause of these delays, which appears at the same time to constitute the final cause of a Bavarian's existence—Beer. Guards and passengers alike require alcoholic refreshment at least at every other station. At Culmbach, the fountain of the choicest variety of Bavarian beer, the practice had risen to such a head that, as we found last summer, Government had been forced to interfere. To prevent the trains from dallying, if there was beer to drink at Culmbach, was obviously impossible. The temptation itself was removed; and no beer was any longer allowed to be sold at that fated railway-station, by reason of its being so superlatively excellent.

Mr. Wilberforce has, however, not failed to devote a chapter to Beer, and has collected in it most of the learning on the subject:—

Listen to the conversation of Bavarians—it turns on beer. See to what the thoughts of the exile recur—to the beer of his country. Sit down in a coffee-house or eating-house, and the waiter brings you beer unordered, and when you have emptied your glass, replenishes it without a summons. Tell a doctor the climate of Munich does not agree with you, and he will ask you if you drink enough beer. Arrive at a place before the steamer or train is due, and you are told you have so long to drink beer. Go to balls, and you find that it replaces champagne with the rich and dancing with the poor. (I once went to a servants' ball and stayed there some time; but when I came away dancing had not begun, and all the society was sitting as still as ever, drinking beer.)

The best parts of the book are its last three chapters, which contain an able and impartial summary of the "social" laws of Bavaria, viz. those of Trade, Marriage, and Police. We cordially agree with the author in his strong disapproval of the stringent marriage laws of the country, the results of which are a spread of immorality which the statistics of illegitimate births incontrovertibly prove:—

In Lower Bavaria, illegitimate births are one in four; in the Palatinate, where freedom from vexatious laws (through the introduction of the Code Napoleon) produces a less proportion of crime, more contentment, and far greater prosperity, they are one in nine; and in Saxony and Prussia, one in thirteen. In Munich, in one year, there were 1,762 legitimate and 1,702 illegitimate births; nor is it rare for the illegitimate births in one month to exceed the legitimate. But the worst side disclosed by these statistics is the proportion of deaths. In the whole of Bavaria more die under fourteen than over; and the number that die before attaining one year is four times as great as the number which comes next to it, grown-up people who die between sixty and seventy. That is, in one year more than 69,000 children died, and only 62,000 persons are over fourteen. Of these children 53,000 were under one year, whereas the greatest number of deaths above fourteen were 13,000, of people between sixty and seventy.

These figures are indeed *ἄσπετος ἐνδειξις*. Such are the blessings of paternal government.

Another British dweller on German soil has also framed a bill of indictment against the social customs and institutions of that part of the country in which he was condemned, or condemned himself, to sojourn. Mr. Henry Mayhew some time since took up his abode in the little Thuringian town of Eisenach, with the object of making "certain inquiries into the early life of Martin Luther;" and having, if one may say so, come to pray, he remained to curse. And he has cursed to some effect in two gigantic volumes of over 600 pages each. He has come to the conclusion that Thuringia is "one of the most hateful countries in which he ever pitched his tent," and the people of its capital (as he persists in calling Eisenach, which at the present day is in importance, if not in population, the third city of one of the Thuringian duchies) a "stunted, impotent, and effete race." Almost every woman, no matter what her station, has a *goitre* on her neck; a very large proportion of the people die of consumption; hardly a young woman has a tooth in her head; and the common soldiers of the army are hardly bigger than the boys of the London Shoeblack Brigade. These are some of the eyesores. Some of the inconveniences are the absence of "the bright silver urn steaming away over the equally bright silver tea-pot, milk-jug, and sugar-basin . . . the silver egg-stand and toast-rack, with the dish of broiled ham, or kidneys, or cold chicken," from the Eisenach breakfast-tables. Mr. Henry Mayhew should have taken his silver egg-stand and toast-rack in his carpet-bag, instead of the "pint-bottle of Stephens's Writing Fluid, and a gross of Gillott's broad-nibbed pens," which he informs us were the only travelling gear he deemed necessary. Of the small German princes he has, if possible, a still milder opinion than of their unfortunate subjects:—

To trouble English heads about such royal animalcules as these is beyond the vocation of any man who has brains enough at the back of his fingers to

be able to wield a pen. An English author who has won his spurs, and knows that he can claim humble fellowship, however slight, with Shakespeare, with Newton, with Locke, with Fielding, with Wordsworth, with Scott—ay, and even with Dickens and Tennyson (the great minds by which every nation recognises the British Empire rather than by its political potentates and nobles)—feels that he has nothing in common with these petty chiefs of semi-barbarian districts, &c.

Mr. Mayhew proceeds to state that the castles of the "grand Tom-fool of Saxony" (the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar) and his brethren are "merely enormous mud-hovels." The mud-hovel at Weimar is a magnificent palace, splendidly decorated with frescoes, and furnished with rare splendour, chiefly at the expense of the Dowager Grand-Duchess of Weimar, a Russian princess. The park, which Mr. Mayhew cannot mention without adding an ironical note of admiration, and comparing it disadvantageously with Hampstead heath and the Lincolnshire fens, was, as every one knows, laid out with consummate care and skill by Goethe himself.

As Mr. Mayhew disclaims all desire of writing unfairly, we can only regret that the society into which he has fallen should be such as he declares it to be. We beg to inform him that, so far as our experience goes, it is not usual in Germany "to hear a damsel in polite society tell a gentleman 'he's a liar,' or talk of something 'stinking' in the most unblushing manner." In society which is not polite such expressions are used on either side of the German ocean. As for the assertion that the key-note of the German character is its miserliness, and that—

The loathsome yellow tinge extends even to the soul itself, till the living creature is like a corpse with the eyes closed with pieces of money; and every natural tie and affection, every principle of honour and duty, is absorbed in the raging hunger of the passion as thoroughly as with castaways upon a raft gambling which shall eat the other—

we leave it to stand on the merits of its own metaphors. But it may not be amiss to give Mr. Mayhew's theory of the secret cause of Germany's wretchedness, especially as it explains the conditions of England's glory. Nobody, he thinks, would be imbecile enough to attribute the moral healthiness of this island to the improvement of the governing classes, or the efforts of the clergy, or to anything but the free press. The melancholy fact that the "entire daily journal of Eisenach," on one particular day, contained only one paragraph of political intelligence (humorously printed by Mr. Mayhew in German type, though in an English translation), opened his eyes to the secret. What wonder, then, the prostrate condition of the "land of Gutenberg and Faust?"

A careful study of the national peculiarities of other peoples is a discipline which will go far both to enlarge our own views and to point out to foreigners the deficiencies in theirs. But such results will never be attained unless travellers who go forth to report on the social life and manners of foreign countries are content to leave their national prejudices behind them, and endeavour to estimate unfamiliar usages and institutions in a spirit of large and liberal tolerance. Both Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Mayhew have, we think, much to learn before they can be deemed qualified for the satisfactory performance of the not very easy task which they have undertaken.

THE GLADIATORS.*

THERE are increasing signs on the part of our novelists that the fountains on which they have of late been wont to draw for their plots are approaching the period of desiccation. No sooner is a new spring of interest laid open by one of more than usual inventiveness or sagacity, than the run upon it resembles the rush of a company of diggers prospecting for gold at the cry of a fresh vein of the shining mineral. Nor is the new wealth of ideas thus opened up much longer in being worked to its point of exhaustion under the emulative industry of these thirsting competitors. Soon is it apparent that the land is unable to support them all, and that it is time for them, as for the patriarchs, to break up the band in search of newer and wider pastures. The bewildered novelist would seem to be reduced to something like the choice of Darius. The future seems to be regarded as beyond the horoscope of the novelist, if not already monopolized as the privileged ground of the religious quack. There remains but the old expedient, so common when the resources of the future and the present begin to fail, of falling back upon the incidents of the past, and drawing for the hundredth time upon the inexhaustible stores of antiquity. Such are the oscillations of public taste that, in a few years, what has long passed out of vogue becomes once more a novelty of fashion. A whole generation has sprung up to welcome as a new face what had smiled upon the intellectual youth of their fathers and mothers. There is something fresh and perennial, for the more educated classes at least, in the taste for classical subjects; and the lamp of Grecian or Roman lore is certain, as it flashes upon the public at intervals like a revolving light, to kindle a fresh burst of enthusiasm. It is unfortunate that subjects of this class have been in general so handled that the very mention of Greece, Rome, or Judea has sufficed to call up sensations of tedium and weariness. Few writers have succeeded in investing the dry bones with reality and life. When, indeed, the purpose of the writer has been confessedly of a didactic kind, and the veil of fiction has been adopted only to disguise the bare, hard outlines of the lesson, it is not to be wondered at if the features of the story

are found somewhat grim and repulsive. Such was the case with Professor Becker's able sketches of Greek and Roman life under the fictitious narratives of *Charicles* and *Gallus*. The flimsy gilding of romance suffered the harder material of antiquarianism to show too plainly through. In *Hypatia* we have seen the study of classic and Oriental learning subordinated with greater ingenuity to a more controversial object; for we must regard that highly-coloured fiction as a mirror for modern speculations in theology rather than an authentic page in the history of Christian and Pagan strife. In the *Last Days of Pompeii* we come nearer to the true type of a classical novel, in which the interest naturally arising out of the incidents and personages is not held in subordination to any esoteric or ulterior end. Nothing is allowed to interfere with the charm which breathes through the drama itself as a living, moving picture of a graceful and tragic age. It is on the latter type, too closely perhaps kept in view, that Mr. Whyte Melville has moulded his recent historical novel, the *Gladiators*. Not aiming, like Mr. Kingsley, to revive the image of the past as embodying ideas of his own upon themes of religion or philosophy, nor yet pretending to make his characters a mere vehicle for expounding his own analysis of human nature, he has apparently satisfied himself with putting together a highly graphic and entertaining story out of materials sufficiently familiar to admit of vitality and interest, yet with enough in them beyond the range of common education to assure the ordinary reader that he is acquiring real information in addition to his amusement. The writer has clearly not embarked upon the perilous enterprise of classical delineation without preparing himself sedulously beforehand, and he evinces the ease of one familiar with the spirit no less than the details of the life he paints, while losing nothing of the warmth and reality which belong to human nature at every age alike. Animated and warm-blooded, indeed, his impersonations will universally be acknowledged to be. For the more critically-minded there are perhaps hardly indications enough to test the severity of his scholastic training. It may be well that there is no superfluous parade of learning. Still, on the few occasions which naturally present themselves for departing from the use of the vernacular tongue, care might have been taken to do away with any injurious suspicion of laxity. We should thus, for instance, have been free from a painful doubt as to whether a hexameter is contemplated in the doctored Horatian line:—

Testa semel imbuta diu servabit odorem.

Not to dwell hypercritically, however, upon minor faults, nor to particularize those features of the story which betray too close a family likeness to others cast among similar scenery, the *Gladiators* deserves praise for the skilful way in which the plot is held in hand, the elements of fact heightened by the judicious infusion of romance, and the different characters made to relieve each other, while, by the power of contrast, they add to the effect of the whole. Eeca, the youthful Briton of noble birth, a captive to the legions of Licinius, and subsequently a slave in that general's household in Rome, is somewhat tame as the central figure in the drama. Muscular and brave, but reserved and bashful, he is perhaps just the man to fix the wandering fancies of the spoilt and wayward Valeria. There is much picturesque power in the scene in which the wilful beauty stoops to woo the coy barbarian, utterly heedless of wrecking what little of good repute has outlived the dubious freedom of a life of pleasure. More, doubtless, might have been made of the struggle between pride and passion in the haughty lady's breast, as well as that in the colder mind of the British Joseph, who seems at no point to have been sufficiently alive to the enchantments of the situation to make his fidelity to the image of Mariamne a matter of extraordinary merit:—

Valeria was so totally unused to opposition in any of her whims or caprices that she could scarcely believe this obvious indifference was real. She persuaded herself that the Briton was so overpowered by her condescension as to be only afraid of trespassing too far on such unexpected kindness, and she resolved that it should be no fault of hers if he were not quickly undeceived. She sank upon the couch in her most bewitching attitude, and looking fondly up in his face, bade him fetch her tablets from the writing-stand. "For," said she, "I have not yet even prepared my communication to Licinius. Shall you be very weary of me, if I keep you my prisoner so long?"

Was it accident or design that entangled those rosy fingers with Eeca's, as she took the tablets from his hand? Was it accident or design that shook the hair off her face, and loosed the rich brown clusters to fall across her glowing neck and bosom? It was surely strange that when she bent over the tablets her cheek turned pale, and her hand shook so that she could not form a letter on the yielding wax. She beckoned him nearer and bent her head towards him till the drooping curls trailed across his arm.

"I cannot write," said she, in trembling accents. "Something seems to oppress me—I am faint—I can scarcely breathe—Myrrhina shall give you the missive to-morrow. In the meantime, we are alone. Eeca, you will not betray me. I can depend upon you. You are my slave, is it not so? This shall be your manacle!"

While she yet spoke, she took the bracelet from her arm and tried to clasp it round his wrist; but the glittering fetter was too narrow for the large-boned Briton, and she could not make it meet. Pressing it hard with both hands, she looked up in his face and laughed.

One responsive glance, the faintest shadow of yielding on those impassable features, and she would have told him all. But it came not. He shook the bracelet from his arm; and while he did so, she recovered herself, with the instantaneous self-command women seem to gather from an emergency.

"It was but to try your honesty!" she said, very haughtily, and rising to her feet. "A man who is not to be tempted, even by gold, can be safely trusted in such an affair as mine. You may go now," she added, with the slightest bend of her head. "To-morrow, if I require you, I shall take care you hear from me through Myrrhina."

She looked after him as he disappeared under the silken hangings of the portal; her face quivered, her bosom heaved, and she clenched both hands till the round white arms grew hard as marble. Then she bit her lip once,

* *The Gladiators*. By G. J. Whyte Melville. 3 vols. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

savagely, and so seemed to regain her accustomed composure, and the usual dignity of her bearing.

Nevertheless, when the despised bracelet caught her eye, lying neglected on the couch, she dashed it fiercely down, and stamped upon it, and crushed and ground the jewel beneath her heel against the floor.

The character of Julius Placidus, the Tribune—licentious and subtle, wildly ambitious, skilful and daring alike in intrigue or war—is drawn with greater mastery. Joined to his aspirations after power, a real (and in part redeeming) love for Valeria, joined to a jealous hatred of Esca, whom he knows as his rival in the patrician lady's heart, forms the key to his career of plotting and of crime. From these motives combined, he is induced to confront the stalwart Briton in the arena—a practice not uncommon with the nobles of his time and race, intensely bent upon warlike sports and greedy of the popular favour to be gained thereby. A thrilling scene is made up of the trial between the graceful and agile patrician with the trident and net of the *retiararius*, and the large-limbed but active Briton armed with the sword and target of the *secutor*, trained by the experienced Hippias, the fashionable master of fence, under the auspices of Valeria, who looks on in a tempest of emotions from her seat near that of the Emperor. The youth's dark-eyed love, in no less agitation, trembles below on the arm of her uncle, Calchas, the converted Jew. There is something far-fetched in the notion of snatching from Esca the prizes of victory and liberty by the expedient of tripping him up over the sword which the gladiator Manlius, in his death-fall, has driven so deep into the ground that it lies unnoticed by the attendants who rake over the sand within a few feet of Caesar's chair. After falling a prize to the victorious Tribune, and being doomed to death partly through jealousy of Valeria, partly as having become privy to his master's plots against Vitellius, the Briton is rescued by the art of the Roman lady. Valeria combines with the impulses of a Messalina occasional flashes of a better nature, as when she is touched by the youth's unselfish love for the daughter of Eleazar, and aids him towards rescuing her from the toils of the licentious Tribune. It is not inconsistent with a nature like hers, or with the standard of morals which the satirists of the Empire have made familiar to us, that the baffled beauty—reckless, humiliated, and craving for excitement—should throw herself away in half-passion, half-contempt, upon Hippias, the handsome and stalwart master of the gladiators, the favourite of all the ladies of Rome, though no longer young—once the pride of the arena, and now director of the imperial games. There is not, indeed, enough in the portrait of this man to justify this waste of one of the best opportunities in the book. His character is one of the most shadowy and least effective of the whole set. In fact, the picture of the gladiators individually is utterly wanting in distinctness and force, though their general calling and the part they enact in the evolution of the story may be thought sufficiently powerful in description to justify their giving a title to the book. Hippias, Hirpinus, Manlius, Lutorius, have little individuality beyond that of members of a gang of highly drilled athletic giants, professionally careless of life, and more addicted to wine and license than was probably compatible with the rigorous rule of the *lanista*. The most graphic part of the story is, perhaps, the storm of the imperial palace by the conspiring forces under Placidus—the Prætorians participating in the assault, and the "Family," under Hippias, carrying the last stronghold of Vitellius, and hacking to pieces the bloated and besotted Emperor himself.

A violent break in the dramatic unity of place occurs at the end of the second volume. Instead of his story closing with the felicity of the Briton and the Jewess, now safely restored to each other, the plot is transferred abruptly to the Holy Land, where Esca has to undergo a still fiercer novitiate before reaping his reward in the hand he has already so well earned by two or three hair-breadth deliverances. Eleazar, unsuccessful in his intrigues for the deliverance of his country, though supplanting Vespasian at the Roman Court, returns home to succour her in his further capacity of a renowned warrior, carrying among his household Esca as his friend and "client"—whatever the latter relation may be supposed to imply in the author's conception of Jewish manners and customs. At the same time, the entire *dramatis personæ* follow to the East—Placidus in command of a picked division of cavalry, Licinius at the head of the famous Tenth legion, and the "Family" of gladiators as a reserved corps for the last desperate measures of Titus. In the tent of Hippias, Valeria, degraded and unsexed, brawling with the man for whom she has madly made the last vile sacrifice, burns to see once more her fair-haired idol, and dons at last the armour and weapons of a gladiator in hopes of meeting him in the fray, even if to die by his hand. The gladiators' mouths may well be supposed to water, if they were influenced by such fables concerning the wealth of the Temple as Mr. Melville sees fit to adopt, without critical abatement, from the glowing accounts of Josephus. The proverbial effect of the precious metals upon the imagination of his countrymen was certainly not wanted to heighten that loyal historian's estimate of his country's magnificence. The vast front of the Temple overlaid with plates of "massive" gold, with "golden" doors of "fifty-five cubits in height"—and how thick imagination is left to surmise—not to mention "vines bearing clusters of grapes the size of a man's figure, all of solid gold," are enough to put to the blush the puny products for modern auriferous industry. They certainly speak volumes for the credulity with which facts and figures of the most preposterous kind have been accepted, with a blind and unquestioning belief, on the faith of a writer who tells his own tale without contradiction, and who either knew not, or chose to dissemble, the difference between gold

and "that which glitters," or between "massive" gold and "massive," if not the deceptive "leaf."

The internal feuds to which the doomed city owed its eventual destruction, the cabals of John of Gischala and the Zealots under Eleazar, with the horrors to which the besieged are subjected by famine and pestilence, form pictures in which the literal statements of the historian are incorporated with more trustworthy effect. In Eleazar is realized most happily the very type of the national character—a Gideon in valour, an Achitophel in debate, a very Jephtha in the stern spirit of sacrifice in which he is ready to devote daughter or brother for his country and his God. Calchas, the meek but resolute convert, is necessarily drawn in weaker colours. The tone of his preaching savours somewhat too much of the expanded views and critical culture of more modern times. The author, too, is prudently silent as to the precise nature of that "Syriac scroll" over which he is made persistently to pore, and out of which he is enabled to bring over first his niece, and, by her aid, her British lover, to the new faith. The curtain falls with much effect upon the sack of the Temple. Calchas and Esca are in bonds, doomed to die by the Sanhedrin, partly as concerned in a plot for the surrender of the city, partly as avowed converts to Christianity. The first deadly stone has already fallen upon the old man's head when the gladiators burst in through a secret passage revealed by Mariamne. They are headed by Valeria, who, pierced by the javelin of Eleazar, has but strength to cut her beloved's bonds and die in his arms, with the satisfaction of making his own hand draw forth the weapon from her breast, which is followed by her life-blood. Other familiar characters are as summarily disposed of. Placidus is despatched after a fall from his elephant, the beast being stabbed by Eleazar, who is crushed by its fall; and Hippias, leading up the *testudo* to the last assault, is pierced by an arrow, his heart's blood mingling with that of Valeria. True, in fact, to the orthodox mode of clearing the stage, the author is careful to leave none surviving after the final tableau but the faithful lovers, whose hands Calchas joins together in a dying benediction.

With a less ambitious purpose and a less glowing style than Sir Bulwer Lytton's classic fiction, there is in the *Gladiators* an air of reality and a faithfulness to ordinary types of character which may make it the means of bringing home to the general reader the common features of that age, even better than the highly idealized group of Glaucus and Ione, Nydia and Arbaces. The two works belong, it is true, to intellects of a very different order. Yet the subject is one to afford scope for widely separate modes of treatment. Contrasting the amount of study involved in its delineations, and the degree of legitimate interest with which the story is invested throughout, with the flimsy materials and extravagant situations of our average works of fiction, the *Gladiators* may well lay claim to a conspicuous place among the successful productions of the past year.

KHONDISTAN.*

PROBABLY not one person in a dozen of those who open this book has more than a faint idea where Khondistan is to be found, and yet we venture to predict for the work a very extensive appreciation of its merits. There is a thoroughly hearty, honest tone about Major-General Campbell which takes us through his pages with almost the feeling of a personal sympathy. His operations met, at the time, with the usual amount of hostile criticism from the Indian press. But Indian critics seem fated to exemplify what Whately would have called the fallacy of "being on the spot." Somehow people who are in this predicament, like persons who write accounts of battles because they happen to have been in the midst of the smoke of them, appear to gain little in the distinctness of their facts from the advantage they enjoy, while they have all the one-sidedness and narrowness of local partisanship. Success settled the question, in this instance, as in most; and the appendix of "testimonials" from Lord Hardinge, Lord Dalhousie, Sir Herbert Maddock, &c., down to a sort of sermon extracted from the *Friend of India*, appears to us a mistake. Anyhow, long before the reader arrives at the appendix, it has become entirely unnecessary. Very likely some small personal jealousies were at the bottom of the whole matter, and they are better forgotten, with their authors.

Khondistan, however little known now, and (after the description given of its climate) however likely to remain unknown to every one whose residence in the district is not compulsory, was once an important part of the kingdom of Orissa, and some 1,200 years ago (if we may trust the flowery accounts of Hiocien Thsang, the Chinese Marco Polo of the seventh century) Orissa was a much better place to live in than Anglo-Saxon England. Its ruined capital, Bhuhanesan (though why the name is spelt Bhuhanesan, Bhuhanesar, and Bhuvaneswar, with contemptuous indifference, we know not), is still a sort of Palmyra in the extent and greatness of its ruins; and broken temples of all kinds throughout the country attest its having once been, as an enthusiastic pundit calls it, a paradise in its way. "It is not proper that this country should be sought as an object of ambition; it belongs exclusively to the gods; it is a place of continual pilgrimage." It possesses, we are more prosaically told by Major Kittoe, "more temples, sacred spots, and relics than any other

* A Personal Narrative of Thirteen Years' Service amongst the Wild Tribes of Khondistan for the Suppression of Human Sacrifice. By Major-General John Campbell, C.B. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1863.

province in Hindostan." Whatever may have been the condition of Orissa under the three "moral cataclysms" (which, we presume, is East-Indian Greek for deluges) of its Buddhist, Brahminical, and Mahometan invaders, it passed, about fifty years ago, after the usual ups and downs of discreditable Rajahs, under the dominion of Great Goddess Company. The plains subsided into the commercial designation of the Zillah of Cuttack. The hill-tribes, the Khonds proper, still retained a sort of independence, under the nominal rule of the puppet Ooryah Rajahs of the plains; and it was not until about twenty-five years ago, in the course of the Goomsur war, that it was discovered that the Khonds retained the practice of human sacrifices, and (in some districts) that of systematic infanticide. The author's abilities had been brought under the notice of the Government while he acted as Secretary to the Political Agent, Mr. Russell, and in 1837 he was appointed to the task of suppressing these abominations.

The Khonds seem to be remnants of the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, unless the ruins near Soorada are, as the General seems to think, relics of a yet older race. Lord Elphinstone makes out, as usual, a benevolent theory in their behalf, almost tracing, in their practices of sacrifice to the God of the Earth, a kind of vague tradition, or parody, of the great world-wide doctrine of the Atonement; while the natives themselves are made out to be a sort of primitive, though rather unconscious, Christians in disguise. No doubt there is something very remarkable in the fact that almost every nation has had a vague sense that human sacrifice is, in certain contingencies, necessary. It is, we may grant, the grandest and most awful form of the religion of fear. But we can only admit its connexion with the sacrificial system of the Bible to be that of parody, not that of kindred tradition. In this latter there was always visible, as Dean Trench shows, the redeeming element of restoration—death, in direct order to enlarged life. In the other, it is, at best, the Moabitish notion of giving the fruit of the body for the sin of the soul—so much sacrifice for so much sin, in a ghastly arithmetic. Among the Khonds it had become simply an expedient for propitiating the Earth-god. The victim was humanely intoxicated by way of preparation; then cut alive into morsels, and the strips of flesh buried in the fields to ensure their fruitfulness. There was nothing exalting, or typical, about the whole affair; the victim was only regarded as a sort of supernatural manure, and the solemnities ended in a general drinking-bout. We are told an amusing story illustrating the profound indifference of the Khond agriculturists as to the person of the victim, so long as it happened not to be themselves:—

Captain Frye was informed one day of a sacrifice on the very eve of consummation; the victim was a young and handsome girl, fifteen or sixteen years old. Without a moment's hesitation he hastened with a small body of armed men to the spot indicated, and on arrival found the Khonds already assembled with their sacrificing priest, and the intended victim prepared for the first act of the tragedy. He at once demanded her surrender. The Khonds, half mad with excitement, hesitated for a moment, but observing his little party preparing for action, they yielded the girl. Seeing the wild and irritated state of the Khonds, Captain Frye very prudently judged that this was no fitting occasion to argue with them, so with his prize he retraced his steps to his old encampment. Scarcely, as he learnt afterwards, had he got out of sight of the infuriated mountaineers, when they said among themselves, "Why should we be debared of our sacrifice?—see our aged priest; seventy summers have passed over his head; what further use is he? Let us sacrifice him."

And sacrificed he was, accordingly. One is glad to hear that "these people were afterwards properly dealt with by the Captain, and sacrifice has never since been practised amongst them."

Of the manners and customs of the Khonds, General Campbell tells us little except in so far as they are connected with his immediate subject. He would probably agree with the sea-captain who, when asked by some Mrs. Leo Hunter or other to give an impromptu lecture to a tea-party on the "manners and customs" of some queer latitudes that he had lately visited, said bluntly, "Madam, their customs are nasty, and they have no manners at all." He gives us, instead, a very rich specimen of the way in which people romance about such matters, to the great astonishment of the uninitiated, which appears in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland for 1852 (vol. xiii.). The Khonds are there "a refined people, overflowing with ingenious ideas." Every Khond is endowed with four souls, of different capacities. They are described as having an elaborate priesthood and ritual, with gods *ad infinitum*, sorted into three classes, as General Campbell says, "in a sort of railway classification," each with his own elaborate *culte*; but he drily adds that neither he, nor Captain Frye, nor Major Kittoe, nor Mr. Long, nor anybody else could discover anything of the sort, and then proceeds to unearth a couple of native scamps who, it seems, had humbugged the author of this grandiloquent document. For the grim work of sacrificing a wisecrack, commend us to the quiet dexterity of a Scottish operator.

General Campbell's mode of proceeding with the natives was admirable, and it gains an unexpected interest just now from its identity with that hitherto pursued by Sir John Lawrence. He took every means of ingratiating himself with the people; lived familiarly amongst them, and visited their villages daily; even "the trivial act of taking a light for my cigar from the first Khond at hand gained me many friends." He omitted no opportunity of proving how sincerely he desired their welfare, and would forward it, on the sole condition of their discontinuing human sacrifices. He was careful to avoid offering the slightest violence to their feelings, and even to their prejudices, on every subject but the one in hand. On this he was blunt, plain-

spoken, and decided; and he brought the whole force of Government to bear promptly upon it without hesitation:—

Like all savages, and, I might add, all Orientals, they require to be dealt with with much more of the *fortiter in re* than the *suaviter in modo*. The utmost amount of persuasion and conciliation is not inconsistent with firmness and resolution. It need surprise no one, then, to learn that I was successful, and met with the greatest attention, when in the most plain, straightforward, and forcible language I assured them of the resolution of the Government—by persuasion, if possible—but in any event, to put down this most inhuman practice. If a chief, as happened once or twice, was very refractory, and would listen to no reason, I found out his quarters, and quietly surrounded his village with troops. This kind of argument was quite irresistible; there were no means of escape; and as, after all, no harm was done, we speedily became good friends again. This simple demonstration of physical force was sufficient to overcome his scruples; and necessity, a stronger influence than antipathy, converted an enemy into an ally.

We believe General Campbell to have been quite right in bringing the notions of government and obedience into strong practical operation. We have rightly remained tolerant of every kind of religious observance, except those that trench on the sacred domain of human life. Here we have been peremptory; we have suppressed Suttee, Thuggee, infanticide, and (now) these Meriah sacrifices; and the natives are not found to respect us the less for our impressing upon them the fact that, on certain points at all events, the moral convictions of the conquerors are to be those of the conquered. It happened, fortunately enough, that the maxim of "a life for a life" was part of the popular belief among these tribes; and the happy coincidence of a succession of good harvests with the intermission of the rite clinched the argument of power in a way entirely satisfactory to the native mind. We are curious to see how far the new Governor-General will carry out the notion, entertained by him in common with many thoughtful persons, though strenuously resisted by "Old Indians" in general, that we gain nothing, even in respect of temporal power, by dissembling our religion in our public acts. In the celebrated minute of 1859 he has expressed stronger convictions on the matter than perhaps any previous Indian official, and, while he is not a man to enforce his views injudiciously, he is still less likely to let them remain in abeyance. At present, in our attitude towards the native religions, we seem pretty accurately to hit the unhappy medium. The Christian teacher incurs all the odium attaching to a preacher of the conqueror's faith, while he gets none of its prestige; and the natives, naturally enough, think either that we, as a nation, do not believe it, or else that we are afraid to enforce it. In the former alternative, the preaching of Christianity labours under a grave disadvantage; in the latter, it is even a source of political weakness. There is something to be said for the "Old Indian" notion of prohibiting Christian teaching altogether—only, besides that it happens to be impossible, this is treating your subjects as mere *mutum et turpe pecus*; and something also is to be said for the Charlemagne notion of converting nations bodily, by the external force of a conqueror's will—only English opinion will not tolerate it for a moment. Meanwhile, Christianity in India is between two fires. There probably is a *tertium quid*, if only it can be brought into practical operation; and if anybody can solve the enigma, it is Sir John Lawrence.

Apropos of missionary work, General Campbell gives us, incidentally and quite involuntarily, a curious confirmation of some views that we expressed on the subject a week or two ago. Here is one picture:—

An appeal has recently been put forth by the missionaries in Orissa for assistance in carrying out the conversion of the Khonds, and two of their number have devoted themselves to this work. I heartily wish, in common with every Christian both in England and India, for the success of an object so desirable. I regret that those gentlemen have resolved to dwell in the low country, and expect the Khonds to come to them.

Here is the other:—

Two French Roman Catholic missionaries visited these people some years later, and established themselves at the base of their hills. By this time we were enabled to furnish them with the books prepared in the Khond language by Captain Frye, and with this aid they were soon enabled to commence teaching the children of those parents who would permit of their going to school. They had abundance of scholars from the low country, and I understand that they were very successful in making converts; nor is this surprising, as they did not require renunciation of caste, nor did they prohibit many of the old Hindoo ceremonies. I must confess that the zeal and devotion of these missionaries was beyond praise. They lived in a kind of hovel thatched with grass, a poor protection from the sun's burning rays; their food was chiefly rice; and of those comforts of civilized life to which in their native land they must have been accustomed they were totally, I may say voluntarily, deprived; for though such were attainable, they would not have them, preferring to give the natives the most complete example of self-denial. They were men of very superior education and manners, and their unwearied toil, their utter abnegation of self, and their gentle bearing towards all must have extorted admiration from the warmest opponents of their creed.

Beyond the aids to reflection afforded by a few italics, we think it best to leave these extracts without comment. They seem to us to bring the whole question of Missions within the proverbial nutshell. We have Romanism, grandly self-denying, but accommodating, and therefore unabiding; and we have Protestantism, comfortable—and feeble. Surely our great Societies might manage, better than they do, to combine the solidity of English results, where they are attained, with the Roman self-sacrifice which is the only means of attaining them on anything like a worthy scale; unless, indeed (as we strongly suspect), Societies are a mistake altogether, and feebly and haltingly attempt a function which can only be satisfactorily performed by the Church as a whole.

On many other subjects of extreme interest to our Indian rule, General Campbell gives some unusually valuable

helps to
more f
consci
someth
of crav
whether
there u
ness an
Eastern
only ho
by Gene
as firm

IN m
a them
save wh
the vari
of marr
suarate
fessiona
which t
demonst
upon th
dissipat
that th
the fair
alcohol
the con
look do
possibly
selected
be plea
what i
blemish
while h
the kno
fellows
other f
by me
the hur
of gen
As for
they ar
if in th
fusenes

But
The an
class of
are al
the sev
a theat
mistake
analog
sublim
and sin
but th
of a c
one of
Such
Then t
which
a phas
abund
Stage,
can be
world,
exten
knows
penetr
Rig
inexha
graphi
writte
despit
will p
Restor
an exis
is far
Doran
ductor
nor as
inform
and w
to the
know
opine,
with

Cibb
so intel
• Th
Bett
& Co.

helps to the student of Indian politics, and with all the more force because they are given *obiter* and almost unconsciously. It is enough to say of his volume that it is something far more wise and suggestive than an ordinary book of travels. We see the living man all through, and sympathize, whether we will or not, with his troubles and successes; and yet there underlies the whole a sound substratum of large thoughtfulness and political insight which is by no means so common among Eastern or any other officials as might be desired. We can only hope that commissions such as that executed so completely by General Campbell may be often entrusted to as steady a head, as firm a hand, and as large a heart.

THEIR MAJESTIES' SERVANTS.*

IN most cases, professional jokes are only amusing to the members of the profession to which they belong. The Bar, as a theme of conversation, yields but small pleasure to outsiders, save when it is mentioned in relation to the criminal code, or to the variety of cases more or less connected with the grand subject of marriage. The amusement afforded by the Faculty is commensurate with its power to gratify the love of scandal. Though professional honour forbids the revelation of the particular malady to which Smith or Brown is subject, it does not prevent a general demonstration that the world is not half so sound as it seems to be upon the surface, that the worst and most injurious forms of dissipation and vice are much more common than is supposed, and that the melancholy sentimentality of many delicate sufferers of the fair sex is wholly attributable to an immoderate consumption of alcohol. And such demonstrations are delightful; for it is one of the consequences of original sin that everybody would rather look down than up to his neighbours *en masse*, though he may possibly make an exception in favour of two or three carefully-selected individuals. Indeed, it is hard to conceive who will not be pleased at the revelation that nine-tenths of the human race are what is proverbially called black sheep. He that is without blemish will rejoice to learn that he is one of a privileged few, while he that is conscious of many ugly spots derives solace from the knowledge that he is not much worse than the majority of his fellows. If the fox who had lost his tail had found out that the other foxes had been similarly afflicted, but concealed their defect by means of artificial appendages, he would have spared himself the humiliation of his abortive discourse. But, beyond the limits of general scandal, doctors can only entertain one another. As for naval and military heroes, and proficient in field sports, they are proverbially bores to persons engaged in diverse pursuits, if in the narration of their experiences they are at all given to diffuseness or repetition.

But the Stage stands as a grand exception to the general rule. The anecdotes connected with it not only relate to a very lively class of persons whose career is a series of small adventures, but they are almost always of a kind that everybody can understand. Even the severest Dissenting preacher who never entered the precincts of a theatre can still appreciate the ridiculous effect caused by the mistake in the delivery of a speech, as he has only to imagine an analogous blunder in the pulpit. A man who attempts to be sublime or pathetic in the presence of several hundred people, and simply makes himself ridiculous, is not only a ludicrous figure, but the absurdity of his position is perceptible to every member of a civilized community who has become acquainted with every one of the countless forms which vanity or ambition may assume. Such a position forms the basis of many a theatrical anecdote. Then there is a heap of stories illustrative of pecuniary difficulty, which often wears an exceptionally comic aspect when viewed as a phase of a theatrical career. Again, there has always been an abundance of wits and humorists on and in connexion with the Stage, and the repartees of these, turning on no purely technical point, can be enjoyed for their excellence. The Stage itself is an artificial world, with its own politics, its own conventions, and, to a certain extent, its own moral code; but it is a world of which everybody knows something, and which has no hidden region absolutely impenetrable to the members of ordinary society.

Rightly looking upon the annals of the English theatres as an inexhaustible source of anecdotes, and of those narratives and biographies which have all the charm of anecdotes, Dr. Doran has written a history of our Stage from Betterton to Kean, which, despite an ample share of the author's least pleasing peculiarities, will probably be acceptable to many readers. It is with the Restoration of Charles II. that the chronicles of the London Stage, as an existing institution, properly begin, though the preceding period is far more important to the historian of dramatic literature. Dr. Doran has done well in disposing of this in two or three introductory chapters. He neither comes forward as a literary critic nor as an archaeologist, but he has collected a large amount of information the authenticity of which can scarcely be disputed, and which is derived from sources easily and cheaply accessible to those who know where to look for them, but absolutely unknown to the bulk of general readers. Few at the present day, we opine, are familiar even with that classic of its kind, Cibber's *Apology*, with respect to which Dr. Doran enthusiastically observes:—

Cibber is so perfect as a critic, he so thoroughly understands the office and so intelligently conveys his opinions, that it were well if all gentlemen who

may hereafter aspire to exercise the critical art were compelled to study his *Apology* as medical students are to become acquainted with their *Celsus*. No one should be admitted to practise theatrical criticism who has not got by heart Cibber's descriptions of Betterton and Mrs. Oldfield; or who fall on their being examined as to their proficiency in the *Canons of Colley*.

And if but few are familiar with King Coll and his admirable panegyrics—which, however, are descriptions rather than criticisms—the number of those who are acquainted, even by name, with Anthony Aston, Davies, Chetwood, Gibden, and Genest (in whose ponderous tomes the productions of all the rest flow, as so many tributary streams, into a stagnant ocean), must closely approximate to zero, if we except the particular class of book-hunters to whom plays and the records of players are favourite game.

Dr. Doran evidently has at his fingers' ends all the works of the kind referred to, and he shows some skill in arranging the materials he has collected. Practised in the somewhat questionable art of accumulating and distributing the gossip of history, he is naturally at home in that particular department of history where gossip can scarcely be called "fringe." His arrangement, too, is based on a sound principle. When the Stage is treated as distinct from dramatic literature, the poet naturally retires into the background, and the periods that successively fall under consideration are most conveniently named after the leading actors who in turn become the favourites of the public. The Stage may flourish while dramatic productiveness is at a very low ebb, and it would perhaps be hard to find two actors who did less to promote the growth of a new theatrical literature than John Kemble and Edmund Kean. The names of the actors commonly supply the title to the chapters of Dr. Doran.

In executing those picturesque descriptions which seem to suit the taste of the present age, Dr. Doran sometimes shows a certain cleverness, though we wish he could abstain from assuming that affectionate tone with reference to past celebrities which always savours quite as much of affectation as of affection. The following is his account of the way in which Mrs. Oldfield first attracted the notice of Farquhar:—

The time is at the close of the seventeenth century; the scene is at the Mitre Tavern in St. James's Market, kept by one Mrs. Voss. It is a quiet summer evening, and after the fatigues of the day are over, and before the later business of the night has commenced, that buxom lady is reclining in an easy chair, listening to a fair and bright young creature, her sister, who is reading aloud, and is enjoying what she reads. Her eyes, like Kathleen's in the song, are beaming with light, her face glowing with intelligence and feeling. Even an elderly lady, their mother, turns away from the picture of her husband, who had ridden in the Guards, and held a commission under James II.—she turns from this, and memories of old days, to gaze with tender admiration on her brilliant young daughter; who, be it said, at this present reading, is only an apprentice to a seamstress in King Street, Westminster. But the soul of Thalia is under her bodice, into a neater than which Anadyomene could not have laced herself. She is rapt in the reading, and with book held out, and face upraised, and figure displayed at its very best, she enthralles her audience, unconscious herself that these are more numerous than she might have supposed. On the threshold of the open door stand a couple of guests; one of them has, to us, no name; the other is a gay, rollicking young fellow, smartly dressed, a semi-military look about him, good-humour rippling over his face, combined with an air of astonishment and delight. This is Captain Farquhar. His sight and hearing are wholly concentrated on that enchanted and enchanting girl, who, unmindful of aught but the *Scornful Lady*, continues still reading aloud that rattling comedy of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Dr. Doran is sometimes led curiously astray by his straining after what he evidently considers effective combinations. Here is an instance:—

In December, 1757, I read in contemporary publications, that there "died at his house in Berkeley Square, Colley Cibber, Esq., Poet Laureate." The year of his death was as eventful as that of his birth. In its course, Byng was shot, and Calmet died; the Duke of Newcastle became Prime Minister, Clive won the battle of Plassy, and the Duke of Cumberland surrendered Hanover and a confederate army to the French, by the treaty of Closterseven. Within Cibber's era the Stuart had gone, Nassau had been, and the House of Brunswick had succeeded.

What on earth has the death of Colley Cibber to do with the execution of Admiral Byng and the decease of Calmet? The birthday of any young gentleman in the world may be made to look epoch-marking by the enumeration of all the great events that occurred in the course of the same year. The above passage is marked by nothing but a parade of very cheap knowledge that cannot lead to a single useful reflection.

As a collection of anecdotes and brief biographies, Dr. Doran's book leaves little or nothing to desire, but we wish he had devoted a dry chapter or so to the Stage itself, and its relation to the authorities of the country. For instance, we should like to see the history of the two patents of Killigrew and Davenant carefully traced down to the period at which the Annals terminate, with an explanation of the apparent infringements that from time to time took place. Thus, in the winter season of 1742-3, there were three theatres open at the same time—namely, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and Lincoln's Inn Fields; and the year 1741 had been made remarkable by the appearance of David Garrick at Goodman's Field, in the character of Richard. At all these houses the performances were, or might be, legitimate. Are we to infer from this condition of things that there was a mere neglect of rights, or that rights were then less rigidly enforced than during the first half of the present century? We who live in 1863 have witnessed the triumph of free trade over privilege in the theatrical world; but the history of the Stage during the last century makes us feel doubtful as to the precise nature of the vanquished foe. Now a sort of constitutional history of the Stage, written in something like a Hallamish spirit—if we may imagine Dr. Doran capable of such a performance—might probably be skipped by the revellers.

* *Their Majesties' Servants; or, Annals of the English Stage from Thomas Betterton to Edmund Kean.* By Dr. Doran, F.S.A. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1864.

for whose delight his store of anecdotes has been accumulated, but it would greatly increase the value of the work.

Again, in a chronicle brought down to the time of Edmund Kean, it is to be regretted that Dr. Doran confined himself so strictly within the limits prescribed by Mr. Genet. That eminent divine, whose instructive but unreadable *Account of the English Stage* remains a huge monument of industry, must have lived amid a mass of old play-bills that rendered respiration difficult; but not all the nudgings of the theatrical Clio could make him write a word even about the Lyceum, or hint that Boxing-day is enlivened by a Christmas pantomime. Dr. Doran, who is sufficiently unlike him in other respects, resembles him in this particular. When Edmund Kean died, the Adelphi was a long-established theatre, and the Olympic was rising into importance; yet Dr. Doran has left unnoticed that exaltation of the so-called minors which lies at the foundation of our present system. The harlequinade too, considering that it has been a necessary appendage even to the most legitimate theatres for nearly a century, was worthy of some notice beyond the bare remark that it is "modern, miserable, and purposeless," and wholly unlike the pantomime of Rich; and surely Grimaldi deserved a place in the histrionic Pantheon. To these objections, however, Dr. Doran may answer, that he has intended to write rather about the past than about the present, and that the name of Edmund Kean is intended rather to mark the end of an old era than the beginning of a new one. This intention is perhaps indicated by the title *Their Majesties' Servants*, which seems to point to a state of histrionic existence different from what we find now. And within the limits he has set himself, he has performed his task with zeal and industry. He has gone over a long series of years during which the Stage, whether vicious or virtuous, was regarded by men of intellect with a degree of interest to which nothing now can be compared, and when a contest between two rival actors was enough to set the capital in commotion; and though his book is abundantly disfigured by faults of taste and of judgment, he may perhaps succeed in infusing into some readers a sympathy for an old enthusiasm that will never probably be revived.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 428, DECEMBER 26, 1863:—

France.	Denmark and Germany.	America.
The Labours of the Recess.	Little Wars of Great Countries.	
Mr. Cobden and the Times.	President Davis' Message.	
	The Fitzgibbon Case.	
The Year.	Martyrs.	Candour.
County Bells.	Colonel Chavley's Court-Martial.	American and English Artillery.
	The Racing Season of 1863.—No. II.	
	John Marchmont's Legacy.	
	Kirk's History of Charles the Bold.	Old New Zealand.
	Social Life in Germany.	The Gladiators.
	Their Majesties' Servants.	Khondistan.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Under the Management of Miss LOUISA FRYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON.—On Monday, Dec. 28, and during the Week, to commence with the Second Act of Balfe's popular Opera, *THE BOHEMIAN GIRL*. After which the Grand National Pantomime, on a scale of unprecedented magnificence, entitled *HARLEQUIN, ST. GEORGE and the DRAGON*, Harlequinade by Mello, Esher, Fred. Payne, Harry Payne, and Paul Herring. Spelling, the Brothers Biscaccia. A Morning Performance every Wednesday at Two.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES and STUDIES by the Members is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 3 Pall-mall East. Nine till Dark. Admission, One Shilling. JOSE J. JENKINS, Secretary.

JERUSALEM, BETHLEHEM, and the HOLY PLACES.—Now on View, at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 38 Pall Mall. Admission, One Shilling, from Ten till Six p.m.

MEMORIAL to LORD CLYDE.—Subscriptions to the above Fund may be paid at the Office, in Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, and the Branch Bank of England, Burlington Gardens, in addition to the Bankers and Army and Navy Agents already selected.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CLUB, 17 St. James' Place, S.W.—Sir C. W. C. DE CRESSIGNY, Bart., Chairman. The Committee of this Club meets the first Thursday in each Month for the Election of Candidates. Gentlemen who have been educated at one of the following Public Schools only are eligible: Charterhouse, Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Westminster, and Winchester.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE BOROUGH OF BRIGHTON.

GENTLEMEN,
THE failing Health of your Senior Representative necessitating his early Retirement, I am prompted by an honourable ambition to seek your confidence as his Successor.

I feel assured that so Liberal and Enthusiastic a Constituency will never recognise the Candidate of a retrogressive Party as the organ of their principles; and, believing that energetic measures are essential to the cause of advanced Liberalism in your Borough, I respectfully solicit your kind support, pledging myself that, come an Election when it may, I will contest the Vacant Seat, with undiminished determination, to the latest moment of legitimate effort.

Gentlemen,—Should I become your Representative, I promise you I will be no mere Party Instrument; but, accepting the axiom of "Measures not Men," will invariably support any proposition, by whomsoever initiated, which may contribute to the Moral, Social, and Political Advancement of the People.

In the theory of our Constitution we are all equal before the Law, whatever our religious convictions; and I am convinced that if Legislation was directed to the practical adoption of this principle, the greatest happiness of our Industrial Population, and prosperity of the Country in general, would be secured.

It will be not less my pride than my duty to promote, among other scarcely inferior measures, a large extension of the Suffrage, with an effective protection of its rightful exercise; the withdrawal of all State Grants from Sectarian Bodies; and the Equalization of the Poor Rates. Whilst, alike through Protestant family origin and from conviction, an attached member of the Church of England, I am persuaded that it is for the interest of the Establishment to accept the growing feeling of the country as to the expediency, as well as the justice, of abolishing compulsory Church Rates.

Experienced in Mercantile Matters, I gratefully recognise the conduct of Lord Palmerston in his extension of Free Trade principles to our Commerce with the Nations of the World, and in his patriotic maintenance of that peace which is essential to their full development; while to his general policy of non-interference, save where our honour is concerned, I should give a cordial support.

Commending myself and my cause to your favourable consideration, and with hearty thanks for the extensive support already accorded me,

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,
Your obedient faithful servant,

Reform Club, December 18, 1863.

F. KUPER DUMAS.

PROPOSED NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB.—At a Meeting held in London on December 19, the Hon. G. Dumas, Q.C., M.P. in the Chair it was resolved that a New Club should be formed, consisting of Matriculated Members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge who shall have been in residence for One Year at least. Also that those Gentlemen who wish to become Members of the Club should send in their Names as soon as possible, but not later than February 1, 1864, in order to enable the Committee to nominate the original Members.

The following were Elected on the Committee:—

Oxford.	Cambridge.
T. Brassey, Univ.	S. C. Althrop, Trin.
J. Bryce, Oxon.	E. N. Buxton, Trin.
J. C. Courtenay, Trin.	A. M. Channell, Trin.
H. Jenkins, Ball.	J. B. Dyne, King's.
J. M. Marshall, B.N.C.	J. C. Hawshaw, Trin.
W. Morland, B.N.C.	T. F. Kirby, Trin.
A. Morrison, Ball.	G. O. Martin, Trin.
Mon. E. Stanhope, All Souls.	G. A. Faley, Joll.
H. L. Thompson, Ch. Ch.	R. C. W. Patrick, Trin. Hall.
H. J. Trotter, Oxon.	J. Sharpe, Jesus.
R. V. Williams, Ch. Ch.	W. C. Smyth, Trin.
	Hon. A. Strutt, Trin.

With power to add to their number.

N.B.—Names (with the College, University, and Address) may be sent to A. M. Channell, Esq., Barrister's Buildings, Temple, E.C.; or to H. Jenkins, Esq., 4 Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

SPECIAL APPEAL.—The Committee of the UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL, make an urgent APPEAL to the Public for increased Funds. They spend annually about £700, and they receive in Annual Subscriptions less than £1,000. To spite of strenuous special efforts there is a large Annual Deficit. Already the Relief afforded is considerably below the capacity of the Hospital, and the Committee are most anxious that its usefulness shall not be still further impaired by want of Public Support. They appeal to the Benevolent for a share of the Gifts which distinguish this Season for several reasons.

1. Their great need of Aid.
 2. The great Comfort of the Sick Wards.
 3. The Excellence of the Nursing.
 4. The Eminence of the Medical Officers.
 5. The transverse Regulation which surrounds the Hospital.
 6. The danger of depriving the Poor of that Population of some of the Relief now afforded.
- A Subscription to a Hospital is not only an act of Benevolence, but the payment of a Debt, as the essential of the Physicians and Surgeons of the wealthy is to do very large measure to the opportunities of thorough Study which these Institutions have afforded.
- Bankers to the Hospital: Messrs. Coutts & Co., 59 Strand; Messrs. Scott & Co., Cavendish Square; Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Co., Lombard Street; and London & Westminster Bank, Holborn.

HOSPITAL for CONSUMPTION and DISEASES of the CHEST, Brompton.—Owing to the heavy List of Applicants for admission it has been found necessary to fill up the Extra Beds at a much earlier period of the year than usual, thereby increasing the number of Beds in use to 210. An earnest APPEAL is, therefore, made for FUNDS, to enable the Committee to meet the additional Expenses of the coming Winter.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.
HENRY DOBBS, Sec.

CHRISTMAS!—Do not forget the HOMES for UNCONVICTED DESTITUTE BOYS, where they are Rescued from Starvation and Crime, Lodged, Fed, Clothed, and Trained to Earn an Honest, Industrious Livelihood. Subscriptions and Donations thankfully received at the Boys' Home, 44 Euston Road, N.W. GEORGE WILLIAM BELL, Hon. Sec.

KENSINGTON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, 39 Kensington Square, London.

Head Master—FREDERIC NASH, Esq., late Principal of the Neisherry High School.
Second Master—H. B. DAVIS, Esq., B.A., St. John's Coll., Cambridge.
French—MONS. E. SAPHOLIN, M.A., University of Paris.

Preparation for the Civil Service, the Liberal Professions, Mercantile Pursuits, the Military Colleges, or the Universities.

TUITION FEES.
Classical Division, 15 Guineas per Annum.—English Division, 9 Guineas.
Preparatory Division, 6 Guineas.

For a Prospectus, apply to the Head Master; or to Messrs. SMITH, ELLER, & Co., 65 Cornhill.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES, 115 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.—Classes under Signor Gareis, Mrs. Street, J. B. Chatterton, Esq., J. Benedict, Esq., F. Frazer, Esq., Madame Louise Michan, Mons. A. Hoher, Dr. Heimann, Mrs. Harrison, H. Warren, Esq., J. Rodford, Esq., Rev. W. Busham, G. J. Frumpling, Esq., Signor Valletta, W. Moore, Esq., A. Chiosso, Esq.
The JUNIOR TERM begins January 1.
The SENIOR TERM begins January 26.
PROSPECTUSES containing Terms, &c., may be had on application.

REIGATE HILL HOUSE, Reigate, Surrey, under the Rev. THOMAS ROSCOE REDE STEBBING, M.A., Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, and late Tutor and Assistant-Master at Wellington College. Terms, £150 a year.—January 20.

CARSHALTON HOUSE, Surrey, late the Royal Ordnance.—The Rev. ALFRED BARRETT has purchased the above, and intends to remove his SCHOOL from North Chesham, at Christmas. Boys prepared for Eton, Harrow, Rugby, for Oxford and Cambridge Examinations, for the Navy, Line, Woolwich, and Indian Civil Service. A List of Successful Pupils may be had.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and the LINE.—A Married Clergyman, M.A., Wrangler of Trinity College, Cambridge, takes PUPILS. Successful at Five Consecutive Woolwich Examinations.—Address, M.A. Dorney, near Windsor.

PRIVATE TUITION on the MALVERN HILLS.—The Rev. EDWARD FORD, B.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, who takes a limited number of Pupils to prepare for the Public Schools, Universities, and Civil Service Examinations, has YALINGTON, Twyford, and Yae Guineas per annum. References, Rev. Dr. Vaughan, late Head Master of Harrow, and Parents of Pupils.—Address, West Malvern Park, Worcestershire.

CONSOLIDATED DISCOUNT COMPANY, LIMITED.

NOTICE is hereby given, that no Applications for Shares in this Company will be received after Wednesday next, the 30th instant.

Temporary Offices, 4 Abchurch Lane, E.C.
December 24, 1863.

